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## SCHEMES OF REFORM.

THE essence of Mr. Bright's Reform Bill—as we said last week, and as the whole country recognises—is to throw the preponderance of political power into the possession of the big towns. This is, in itself, a very simple statement, and one which the briefest analysis of his measure enables anybody to verify. There is even a fascinating simplicity about it; for it can be understood and carried further by any man who can count. But if the reader fancies that the justice or the consequences of the proposed scheme are also easy matters to decide on, he is wonderfully mistaken. There is not a more difficult problem than the one involved in it—not a question more demanding for its discussion a knowledge of history, and an acquaintance with political philosophy. However any single writer may fall short of the depth of knowledge required, it is his business to bring what he has to bear on this matter as frankly and perspicuously as he can, for the sake of that great reading public, according to whose sympathies its fate must ultimately be determined.

The question between Town and Country—Commerce and Land—is no new one in our politics. David Hume long ago pointed out that there was no real difference of interests in the main between them, and deprecated attempts to persuade people that there was. It is as well that his efforts should be followed up now; for there is not a surer sign of the decay of a nation than the prevalence of such disunion—which, by the way, would be a much worse species of tactics than the old Whig and Tory species. Why should there be hostilities of the kind which Mr. Bright's bill is calculated to waken? Not only are the two interests (as far as they are distinct) necessary to each other as customers, but their union is necessary to the whole nation as

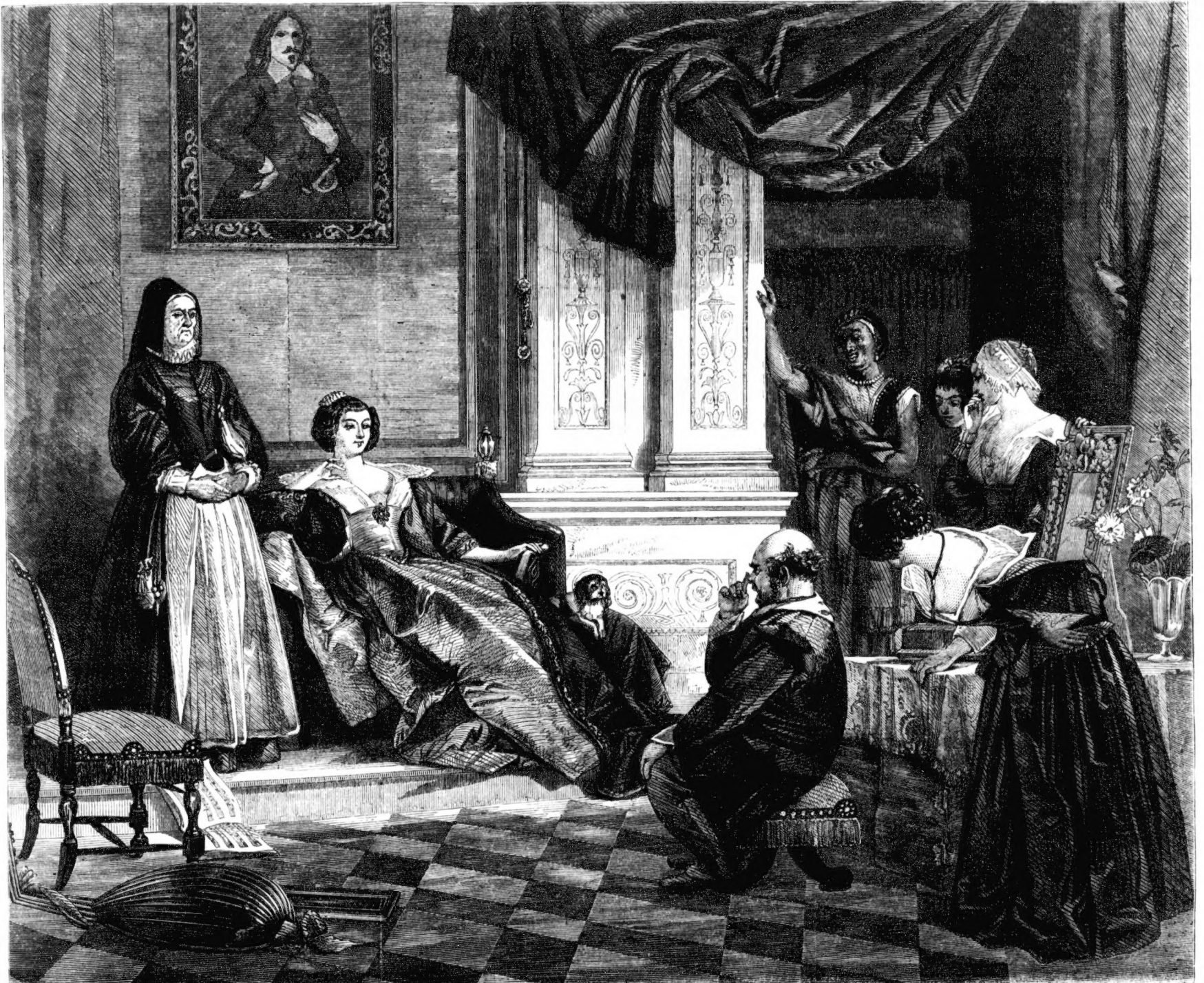
against foreigners. It is mainly, for instance, from the rural population that our soldiers come; and, besides, the towns can hardly be viewed as bodies independent of rural districts. They are fed by an incessant stream of country immigration; and they return, incessantly, enriched denizens to those districts again. This is the healthy state of things, socially, and therefore politically. But once establish in your legislation a preference for urban as against rural populations, and you will make the distinction between them a real and most hateful one. This is what you tend to, when you annihilate or amputate country towns for the benefit of cities—sweeping the former away, and giving their power to the latter, without any thought of the ideas, habits, and associations of the life which you impoverish. A pocket-borough deserves no mercy, for it represents only an individual; but a country-town represents a population—is the centre of a system of life which morally (for we are not to look at numbers, but at weight) deserves representation. Then, it must be remembered that our constitution and liberties, though owing so much in their nurture to the towns, had their first roots in the country. The city of London performed great things in the Civil War, but what would have become of the cause without the sturdy regiments of yeomanry, who did the hardest part of the fighting? Indeed, every country where political liberty sprang from the towns only (as in Italy), has decayed into despotism. Among ourselves, there was an infusion of landed power in the popular branch of the constitution from the first; and the constitution has lasted. These may seem old-fashioned facts, and of course people who undertake to direct the country's future, without regard to its past, will require them. But we are much mistaken if they prove unpalatable to the frank average politician, anxious to improve our consti-

tution, yet equally anxious that it shall remain a "British" one.

There is another "point" worth making on this subject of town and country. In the progress of modern social changes (railways, the press, &c.) the peculiar qualities of town character make their full impressions on the rural character. If Squire Western is extinct, the traditionary "Hodge" himself is being extinguished. The literature for the production of which cities afford facilities, pours also into every nook of the counties, and helps the influence, otherwise at work (in travel and so on) upon the rural sentiment. All this has greatly modified the view that the wits and philosophers of London once took of the agricultural life; and now-a-days a cockney journalist who sneers at the "bucolic" mind, only proves that he never put his legs under the mahogany of a country gentleman or farmer. Considerations like these make one doubt whether it is right to assume that the towns are so greatly superior in enlightenment to other portions of the empire as to justify us in branding these last with a public mask of ignominy. After all, too, numbers of men are equally interested in the two kinds of British life. Your north country manufacturer buys land in Cheshire or Lancashire; your landed magnate spends half his year in the metropolis.

We have thrown out these observations on the principle of the last reform scheme, to give a certain philosophical relish to those who are busy with its details. And now we shall add a remark or two on some other features of the controversy, which seems to us too much neglected by our common journals.

A place, whether civic or rural, a borough or county, is represented in our constitution for two purposes: first, for the sake of its own interests and its own protection; secondly, for the



SANCHO BEFORE THE DUCHESS.—(FROM THE PICTURE BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A., IN THE VERNON GALLERY.)



sake of the general interest of the kingdom. Its members come up bound to take care of the place which sends them, and also equally free to take part in the government of the whole empire. What we have a right, then, to expect, is, that all interests shall get fair play; and that, in addition, they shall give us men capable of becoming statesmen for the universal benefit.

But neither of these conditions demands that numbers, and numbers only, should be consulted in the matter of representation. For, to begin with, where a town is almost entirely engaged in one pursuit, the interest of that pursuit may be virtually done justice to, by three as well as five members. They are all in the same local boat; what is good for five thousand of the people is good for five thousand more; and to add on members, merely counting heads, is to repeat yourself. If three members are enough to represent the aggregate interest of the place, why add others, any more than you add wheels to a watch? The extra ones are superfluous, as regards the special pretensions of their town or borough, and, of course, are under the temptation to apply their class of local ideas to general affairs, without regarding other and different classes or ideas. Neither is there any magic in the fact that they are chosen by a crowded population, instead of a scattered one, to save them from this tendency; which brings us to the other branch of the representative question, that of the *personnel*—the character of the persons chosen under the plan of numbers. We have said already, that one object of representation is to help us to general statesmen.

Well, what is the probable result of the success of a system purely numerical, from this point of view? The first answer to this is, that it will localise and limit the choice of the electors, who, under a wide system of suffrage, will, many of them, be dependent. In towns, they will naturally fall under the influence of the capitalist of their district—the long-pursed man of the neighbourhood. We see the working of this in some large places already, where a bill-discounting attorney, or such potentate, who chooses to spend money, can always get himself in. The chance of a statesman from among this sort of men is small indeed; but will he be of any use in opening the "system" to aspiring ability?—a thoroughly legitimate object, and properly the one of our time. Not he. At middle age, without high culture, how is he to acquire weight in the House of Commons of the kind we are talking of? It is impossible; and what such a man comes to is naturally to be the dupe of some knowing Whig noble, who has tact enough to keep in with the cries of the day. This prospect is well worth contemplating by the people, for they are constantly told that the new principle is to benefit them. Yet experience has shown that it benefits only the moneyed man, and that the moneyed man is either important against the exclusive part of the aristocracy, or servile to them. Now, in what way does the average man of a town gain by knowing that the towns are getting the "pull" of the country, if he and his friends are more insignificant in the crowd than ever? This is the question provoked by wholesale schemes for strengthening the capitalist interest in Parliament at the expense of all the rest of the population.

We have, purposely, stuck to the principles at bottom of the latest reform schemes on this occasion, the rather that we shall no doubt have to return to the subject of reform repeatedly during the present year.

#### SANCHO PANZA BEFORE THE DUCHESS.

We are ignorant, it being so many years since we studied the use of the globe, whether, as the French autocrat declared, the Pyrenean chain of mountains no longer exists, but it is certain that there are no duchesses now-a-days. Where are the descendants of "old Sarah" of Marlborough, bullying Queen Anne, and leading Sir John Vanbrugh such a terrible life about the buildings at Blenheim; of Margaret of Newcastle, riding in her coach and six in the park with a black velvet vizor on, and writing folios by the score; of beauteous Louise de la Vallière, renouncing even the combing of the magnificent Louis Quatorze's periwig curls for a cloister; of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, listening to the subdued "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; of Duchess Henrietta (likewise of Marlborough), who made a waxen image of her idol, Mr. Congreve (a mere writer of stage-plays, my dear), and used after his death to anoint the effigies of his gouty feet; of her grace of Queensberry, who petted and fondled the kindly Gay? Where are the Duchess of Longueville and Mazarin, the Duchess of Malfi? where that terrible Duchess of Ferrara, who avenged herself for a practical joke on the part of one Messire Gennaro (her son), who—with poignant tip on sculptured scutcheon—chose to spell her patronymic thus, "ONGIA," poisoned seven nobles in Montefiascone wine—that same son Gennaro among the number? Yes; it is very true that duchesses have degenerated. There are even no garrulous Duchesses of Gordon, no imperious Duchesses of St. Albans, as in the last generation. The modern duchess is a slender lady, in a close bonnet and a long mantle, who rises at six to attend matins at St. Barnabas's, copies out extracts from her husband's blue-books, is on the ladies' committees of refugees and reformatories, canvasses votes for orphan asylums, and flutters about the village at her castle-gate, solicitous about Widow Cramp's rheumatism and Polly Nubbles's progress at Sunday-school, squabbles with the rector, and sets the schoolmistress against the curate. Better this charitable, pious, working duchess, you may say, than the haughty lady in black velvet and diamonds, with pages to hold her train, and *bravi* to obey her behests, and poignard and poison to wait upon her vengeance. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Better this duchess—pure, gentle, modest—than the brazen beauty of Versailles or Whitehall. It would be a bold as well as merry monarch, who would venture to make a Demoiselle de la Querouaille Duchess of Portsmouth in these puritanic times.

What time Esquire Sancho Panza, rich in proverbial philosophy and native humour, though poor in worldly goods, was governor of Barataria, in the kingdom of Prester John, duchesses were duchesses indeed. The duchess in "Don Quixote" is one of Cervantes' most charming creations. She is the very image, moreover, of the fair, and frank, and free great ladies of the middle ages, and the Renaissance. She might be one of the "fortes grandes dames de par le monde," whom the scandal-magging old Brantôme boasted of knowing so well—handsome, accomplished, generous, somewhat wayward and capricious, but desperately fond of fun always. The "fun" of the duke and duchess in "Don Quixote" and the jokes at which they indulge at the expense of the crazy knight-errant and his faithful squire, are sometimes of so very *lente*, not to say broad, a description, that their very mention would shock the refined ears of the nineteenth century duchesses, the acme of whose dissipation is an evening at Cremorne, with the profane vulgar excluded. But our Quixotic duchess would have driven four-in-hand to the Derby; ay, and have done tremendous execution on "Aunt Sally," and the pincushions on the sticks afterwards. She would take her champagne without coughing, listen with a roguish smile to the Queen of Navarre's droll stories, and bandy *repartée* with Sancho, spiced with more than Attie condiments. A real duchess; a gay duchess; but the mould is broken in which they were cast.

Mr. Leslie's charming picture, from which our engraving is taken, scarcely needs fresh criticism at our hands. The fair duchess, surrounded by her ladies, the grizzled duenna, the grinning negress, and

the confident yet temporarily puzzled Sancho, are familiar figures to all lovers of art. Most of us, also, have seen the picture in the Vernon Collection, and admired its skilful drawing, its varied expression, and harmonious arrangement of light and shade. A veteran now in his art, Mr. Leslie has produced few more successful and admirable works than "Sancho before the Duchess."

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

It has been widely rumoured, (the "Daily News" roundly asserts it) "that the most positive and binding military engagements, short of formal treaty or convention, were exchanged between France and Piedmont several months since." And it was added that Victor Emmanuel only consented to the marriage of his daughter to the Prince Napoleon on condition of such an offensive and defensive alliance being concluded. But the "Moniteur" declares this allegation not less false than injurious to the dignity of both sovereigns. "The Emperor must desire his family alliances to be in harmony with the great traditional policy of France, but he will never make the great interests of the country depend upon a family alliance." And again—"The intimate relations, which have for a long time existed between the Emperor of the French and the King of Sardinia, and the mutual interests of France and Piedmont, have induced the sovereigns of the two countries to draw closer, by a family alliance, the ties which unite them. For more than a year, negotiations with this object in view have been carried on, but the youth of the princess delayed the fixing of the period of the marriage until now. The ceremony will shortly take place at Turin."

A rumour is current in Paris that reinforcements are about to be sent to Rome; and there is now no doubt that extraordinary war preparations are afloat at Marseilles and Toulon. At the former place the commissariat is in full activity, and 4500 rations are daily prepared; and, to say nothing of the ordinary munitions of war, stores of lint, bedding, and general hospital furniture are being accumulated rapidly.

### AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has come to the resolution of sending Marshal Count de Leiningen on a special mission to Paris. Great importance is attached to this mission at Vienna, with regard to its effect in re-establishing friendly relations between the two Governments.

As far as it can be gathered from the press, public opinion in Vienna tends decidedly towards peace, though it would be folly to suppose that all danger is past. "The peaceful assurances that are being continually made," writes a correspondent, "requires some more reliable foundation than can be found in the articles of official journals. Notwithstanding the agitation produced by the first rumours of war a feeling has certainly been aroused, that it would be better to have war at once than enjoy peace with the necessity of being constantly aroused and on the *qui vive*."

### PRUSSIA.

The Chamber of Deputies has unanimously voted the address in reply to the Prince Regent's speech. The Polish members of the Chamber took a conciliatory part in the discussion.

### ITALY.

In common with several of our contemporaries, we were led into an erroneous announcement, last week (in a second edition), of the death of the King of Naples. In fact, his Majesty was seriously ill; but he is now recovering, it is said. A rumour is prevalent at Naples that a camp is to be formed on the Roman frontier.

It is asserted that Piedmont is about to contract a new loan, under the guarantee of France.

At Turin Cathedral on Sunday, after mass, General Niel, in the name of the Emperor of the French, demanded from the King the hand of the Princess Clotilda in marriage with Prince Napoleon. All the great officers and dignitaries of the State were present. In the evening a gala representation was given in the theatre. Prince Napoleon and the whole of the Royal Family were present. The Prince Napoleon has been giving banquets, and receiving "all the survivors of the Grande Armée, decorated with the medal of St. Helena." On this latter occasion his imperial highness thus addressed his heroes:—

"I thank you for the eagerness which you have shown in assembling here to meet me. I am deeply affected by it. Noble and glorious remains of our armies! you are an additional bond between France and Piedmont, which, as well as our dynasties, are and will be allied in future. I shall inform the Emperor of your ardour, and I thank you in his name. Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Roi Victor Emmanuel!"

The King of Sardinia has issued a decree for the filling up of all vacant posts in the army.

The Prince of Wales is expected on a visit to the Court of Sardinia. The commander of the Austrian troops has asked the Municipality of Ferrara to provision the citadel, but the Municipality has refused.

The Austrian government has requested the government of Tuscany to assist the Austrian forces with men and money in case of war. The Tuscan ministers were divided on the subject.

### IONIA.

A TELEGRAPHIC despatch states that four of the Corfu members of the Ionian Parliament, "being convinced that a union with Greece is entirely out of the question," have promised Mr. Gladstone to be satisfied with reforms.

Telegraphic despatches state that Sir John Young had summoned the Ionian Parliament for the 25th. Mr. Gladstone was to open it as provisional Lord High Commissioner. According to advices from Corfu, Mr. Gladstone had called together the Deputies to a conference. They demanded the revival of the treaties of 1815 and the annexation of the Ionian Islands to Greece. They likewise refused to examine the proposed reforms before a solution of the pending question.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE Kaimakan of Jeddah, the Cadi, the Mollah, and several other high functionaries, have been arrested; that is one result of the recent inquiry. They were to be taken to Constantinople for trial.

Though the Sultan has confirmed the election of Prince Milosch, he withholds from his family the right of inheritance.

The Archbishop Peter has retired to a convent. The Under-Secretaries of State, Ziranorick and Nikolich, together with Knezeriech, Counsel to the Court of Cassation, and Major Zack, have been banished. Further dismissals and fresh appointments are expected.

### AMERICA.

In the House of Representatives, on the 11th instant, a resolution reported last session from the Committee of Foreign Affairs, disapproving of the act of Commodore Paulding in the seizure of Walker and his followers at Nicaragua, was taken up and debated. Various amendments were proposed and rejected. Finally, a substitute for the report of the committee, tendering thanks to Commodore Paulding and his officers, was adopted by a vote of ninety-nine against eighty-five, and the whole question was then laid on the table by a majority of four.

A Washington telegram says:—

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Slidell for an appropriation to facilitate the acquisition of the island of Cuba by negotiations is as follows:—

"Whereas, Cuba geographically possesses a commanding influence over the large and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, of the Mississippi Valley."

"Whereas the island in its present colonial condition must continue a source of injury and annoyance, endangering the friendly relations between Spain and the United States by the aggressions of its local authorities upon American commerce and citizens, for which tardy redress can only be had by circuitous demands on Spain; and

"Whereas, in the opinion of Congress, and in accordance with the views of the President, as the best means of settling the existing, and removing further difficulties, it is expedient that negotiations for the purchase of the island should be renewed; therefore be it enacted, &c., that 30,000,000

dollars be placed in the President's hand for expenditure, either from cash in the treasury or borrowed on five per cent. bonds of 1,000 dollars each, redeemable in from twelve to twenty years."

A bill has been reported to the senate, authorising the President to employ land and naval forces, in certain supposed cases which include the Mexican quarrel.

The weather was intensely cold in New York, and it was feared that the rivers would soon be closed by the large masses of floating ice. An omnibus driver was frozen to death on his box, a few days since, and several others were reduced to a perfectly helpless state by the severity of the weather.

We have reports of fresh troubles in Kansas. Captain Hamilton, the leader of a pro-slavery band which committed the outrages at Choteau's trading-post in May last, is said to have again taken the field in Southern Kansas, with a body of desperadoes. Montgomery was raising a party to oppose him.

### CHINA.

THE China mail brings us no authentic intelligence of Lord Elgin's trip up the Yang-tse-kiang. The Chinese report that the ambassador's ship exchanged fire with the rebels in passing Moohoo.

The *Laplace*, with Baron Gros on board, got ashore on one of the Chusan Islands, and was towed to Shanghai by her Majesty's ship *Inflectible*. His Excellency then proceeded to Hong Kong by the *Aden*.

Mr. Reed, United States Commissioner, was about to return to America.

Canton was quiet. Affairs at Ningpo were bad. An alarming fire occurred in a central part of Hong Kong on the 5th of December. Since Sir J. Bowring left on a visit to Manila on the 29th of November, the non-official legislative councillors have protested against the admission of another official member.

### INDIA.

We have news from Bombay to the 24th of December.

In Oude Lord Clyde had advanced from Lucknow by Byram Ghat to Baraitch, and Sir Hope Grant from Fyzabad had overrun Gondal. The troops of the Begum are described as completely surrounded, and the Begum herself as suing for terms.

Nana Sahib was reported at Churdah, in Oude, with 1,500 men. Two Rajahs with him had solicited Government for protection when they might be able to escape. Their messenger appealed on behalf of the Nana himself for clemency to his family.

The rebel force that passed through the gap in our line in the Goondee and crossed the Ganges into the Doab, was commanded by Feroze Shah, and not Nana Sahib. In the Doab, Feroze Shah halted to beseege a friendly chief and Mr. Hume from Etawah brought up his levies and attacked him. Driven back by numbers, Mr. Hume retired into the fort. The rebels, followed by Brigadier Herbert from Cawnpore, who cut up their rear guard and deprived them of their only gun, crossed successively the Jumna, Chumbul, and Sind rivers, Herbert remaining in the Doab. Brigadier Sir Robert Napier, hearing at Gwalior of the movement of Feroze Shah, took with him 300 men, horse and foot, and marching 140 miles in four days, headed the rebels at Rannode, beat them, pursued them eight miles, and again inflicted serious loss on the enemy. It is supposed that Feroze Shah was on his way to join Tanta Topee. That chief had pursued his astonishing career. He had marched from Lianre to Banswarra, entered the Arravalli range for shelter, and when last heard of was menacing Pertaubghur. Many columns were moving concentrically upon him.

A number of rebel bands are still at large, both north and south of the Nerbudda. In Behar they have been quieted.

SPRITED!—The Lisbon "Journal do Comercio" is in a high state of frenzy at the conduct of France in requiring such a huge sum, £8,000, for the late slave ship *Charles-et-Georges*. "Take your cash!" says the indignant journal, "it is wrapped up in the torn shreds of a nation's dignity! Portugal is now quits of you—she has only received an affront, and may pay you back some day yet in another coin! Take your blood-money, and begone!"

LITTLE GREATNESS.—In a moment of sympathy with the French Emperor the Archduke offered his Majesty a copy of Canova's statue of the first Napoleon, which offer was graciously accepted. M. Pardiiani was charged with the execution of the work, which is now complete in bronze. It is one-third the size of the original, but up till now remains in the sculptor's studio unclaimed by any one. M. Pardiiani lately waited upon the Archduke requesting to be informed what was to be done with his statue, and received for reply a direction to keep it till further orders.—Letter from Turin.

THE FRENCH PACIFIC.—A pamphlet entitled "Aurons nous la Guerre?" has been announced as about to appear in Paris. The writer is opposed to war; and says the French people are opposed to it—five to one. He says the fact ought to be known to the Emperor, and he calls upon all functionaries of the higher grades to tell him the facts. France reproaches intervention abroad. "If the Government took a step in this direction she would lose, with pain and sorrow, her faith in the sincerity of the speech at Bordeaux; France will no longer believe that the Emperor means peace. Disenchanted, she will turn with sadness towards those who said to her, 'You desire the Empire: be it so; it is war with Europe.' In her consternation she will reply, 'It is too true! And the Empire itself—what would become of it amid this universal disenchantment? The notion of receding the high deeds of the first Empire appears to them an anachronism and the temerity of madness.'"

A REBELLION IN HAYTI.—Letters have been received from several Europeans residing in the island of Hayti, on the subject of the "revolution," which threatens the overthrow of the Emperor Souleouque. One of these letters is dated from the town of Gonaives, where the insurrection broke out. The revolutionary committee has proclaimed the deposition of Souleouque, and re-established "the liberal constitution of 1846." At Port-au-Prince they are waiting for the turn of events. Souleouque has only a few troops with him, but expects some regiments from the south; it is hoped, however, that part of the Imperial army will make common cause with the insurgents as soon as they meet each other in the field.

LEARNED HAYTIANS.—Faubert, a young man of colour from Hayti, obtained the highest prize—the prize of honour—at the concours of all the colleges in France, held at Paris. On the reception of this news, the Emperor immediately sent him 150 handsomely bound volumes. A company of National Guards were despatched to wait upon him with a band of music, and he was invited to dine, and did dine, with the Minister of Public Instruction, occupying a place between his lady and Prince Napoleon. Besides this young man, two other young Haytians also took prizes. In a country like France, of the highest culture, where the course of study is severe, and where honour is everything, and the contest for it very great, this achievement does credit to the Haytians.—New York Observer.

AN EMPEROR SUE IN HIS OWN COURTS.—The "Globe" says—"A lawsuit of no ordinary interest is expected to occupy the attention of one of the Paris courts next week. All the money lenders of London will remember that some twelve years ago Prince Louis Napoleon was continually endeavouring to 'raise the wind' upon a mortgage of alleged claims upon the French Government in respect of the property of his mother, Queen Hortense. Prospectuses setting forth his title to millions, which he offered to the public in shares of convenient amount, were profusely circulated, but met with small favour from the moneyed interest, either in Houndsditch or elsewhere. It is, however, now stated by M. de Cock and Terwagne, bankers of Antwerp, plaintiffs in an action brought against his Majesty Napoleon III. in his own courts, that, in 1847, one M. Aristide Ferrère obtained from Prince Napoleon, for valuable consideration, an assignment of all his (the prince's) rights and credits against the French Government, as the representative of Queen Hortense, his mother. Pursuant to this assignment, title deeds valued at 10,000,000fr. were deposited with M. de Prima, a French notary in London. M. A. Ferrère, in order to render his security readily negotiable, divided the ten millions into 100 shares, of 100,000fr. each. Two of these shares were deposited with the plaintiffs by way of mortgage, for money owing to them by Ferrère. Ferrère has never paid his debt, and now Messrs. Cock and Terwagne, availing themselves of the French law, which allows the sovereign to be sued in the civil courts, like any other citizen, bring their action. One difficulty in their way is that, in 1852, the Prince President, when he confiscated the property of the Orleans family, declared in the 'Moniteur' that he would release the State from all his claims to his mother's fortune. The plaintiffs contend that this release cannot be binding upon them as purchasers for a valuable consideration; but that, at all events, the Emperor having cancelled the shares which were negotiated with his sanction and privity, is personally liable to them. On the other hand, the validity of the assignment to Ferrère is contested by the Emperor."



## IRELAND.

**THE LANDLORD MEETING.**—The projected meeting of the Irish landlords is abandoned. A deputation to the Lord-Lieutenant is substituted for the much-spoken-of demonstration.

**JOHN SADLER'S TRANSACTIONS AGAIN.**—A gentleman, named Walker, receiver over the Earl of Portarlington's estates in this county, in which situation he succeeded John Sadler, is engaged in searching through the accounts of the years during which the latter held office. For the purpose of assisting the investigation, Mr. Walker asked and obtained from the board of guardians a loan of two hundred and eleven books of rate-collectors' warrants for the divisions of Shornill, Lattin, Enley, and other parts of the Tipperary Union, where the Portarlington estate is situated. Rumour hints that in one division, where the poor-rates were but £5, Mr. Receiver Sadler took credit for £118. If this and similar tales prove true, the result of the present close investigation will form another chapter in the giant swindle. Serious doubts are entertained whether John Sadler did not actually pocket the large sum given as compensation by the Great Southern and Western Railway Company for traversing a portion of this estate while under his management.—Clonmel Chronicle.

## SCOTLAND.

**MURDER BY POACHERS.**—Another murder has been committed by a poacher. The scene this time is in Scotland. Two keepers saw two poachers with guns on Lord Ailsa's farm of Park, between Kirkoswald and Turnberry. The keepers had a dog. One poacher aimed at a keeper, one at the dog. Both shots were fatal. The dog-killer was arrested by the remaining keeper. The supposed man-killer is also in custody.

**MURDER IN LANARKSHIRE.**—Thomas Johnston, an old man, lived alone in a house (his own property) near Coatbridge, Lanarkshire. Last week he was found lying on his face near to the fireplace, dead. The house presented the appearance of a desperate struggle. The walls were found bespattered with blood, and an axe lying close beside the murdered man. The cupboard and drawers in the house had been broken open and ransacked.

**A RUNAWAY WIFE.**—Last week, a Mrs. Mackenzie, Inverness, made her husband drunk, and absconded with £40 of his savings, besides various chattels, and was traced to London, where, however, she could not be apprehended for want of a proper warrant. On Monday a criminal officer was despatched from Inverness to London with that document; he succeeded in his mission, and took the offender back. She got a hearty cheer at the railway station, Inverness, from which place she was conveyed to jail. While in London she had the coolness to write to her husband that, if he would consent to sojourn in the great metropolis, she would send him £30 of his own cash to pay his way up!

## THE PROVINCES.

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—There have recently been discovered, in one of the limestone quarries at Oreston, near Plymouth, the teeth, bones, and other remains of lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, horses, hyenas, and other animals. The cavern from which the fossils were extracted is situated in the solid rock in the cliff, at about 1,000 feet from the edge of the sea. The cavern was 70 feet above the level of high water, and 35 feet below the surface of the field above; it was 20 feet long, 10 feet high, and about 10 feet wide. There was no aperture or other indication of its locality. Among the contents is the jaw of an animal of the horse species, in stalagmite; if so, it establishes facts and gives rise to theories entirely new in geology.

**AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.**—The reply to a growing complaint of impending "agricultural distress" has come from a high authority, Mr. John Grey of Dilston, a practical farmer, who has the letting of many farms, great and small, and is Commissioner for the Greenwich Hospital Estates in Northumberland. Mr. Grey declares agriculture to be prospering, and recommends as the cause of prosperity consolidation of farms and the use of machinery; and he reconciles the farmer to the competition of foreign wheat by pointing to the improved market for wool, and for meat, in which latter the foreigner scarcely competes.

**CARDINAL AND DRAMATIST.**—The following curious paragraph appears in a cardinal paper:—"Cardinal Wiseman's drama, entitled 'The Hidden Gem,' was performed at Liverpool, on Thursday, with much applause. It is founded upon an incident in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, during the Pontificate of Innocent I., when there lived on the Aventine, a wealthy patrician named Euphemianus, who had an only son, Alexius, whom he educated in the principles of piety and charity. Ere Alexius had attained to manhood, he was, by divine command, induced to lead the life of a pilgrim, and repaired to Edepa, where he dwelt for several years, his sorrowful father being unable to discover him. At length he was summarily ordered to return home, and was received as a beggar and a stranger into the house of his father. He remained there as many years as he had lived abroad, amidst the scorn and ill-treatment of his own domestics, until his death; when a voice, heard through all the churches, proclaimed his holiness, and a paper, written by himself and found upon his person, revealed his history. A variety of accessory incidents complete the plot, which is well worked out. One of the scenes is exceedingly impressive, reminding one somewhat of 'Faust and Marguerite.' It is where the dying pilgrim's prayers are responded to by songs from celestial voices, while a halo of glory shines around the pale face of the weary man, who, after setting a wonderful example of consistent faith and noble self-denial, dies an unknown beggar in the house of his father. The dialogue brings before us the principles of unbounded charity and long-suffering piety, clothed in classical and eloquent language. The comic features in the play elicited much laughter."

**THE BUTLER MARRIED.**—Some three years ago, a young lady moving in the best society in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, was secretly married to her father's butler, and the secret was well kept; if, as asserted, one little cherub at least has blessed the union, all unknown to its grand-parents. The bridegroom continued to occupy his position of butler until last week, when a lady visitor, who had been made acquainted with the strange union, broached the subject to the young wife's mother: her father died recently. The result of the disclosure was that the ex-butler and his wife left the parental roof. At the Victoria Station, in Sheffield, where they took train, the young lady displayed the utmost gaiety of manner, and was observed to converse in a very animated way with several persons to whom she was known, and to whom she introduced her husband. It is stated that the young lady has become possessed of a considerable fortune by the death of her father, who, had her ill-assorted marriage come to his knowledge, might have left her differently circumstanced.

**ENCOUNTER WITH POACHERS.**—A sanguinary affray occurred on Saturday night between two young Somersetshire farmers and a gang of poachers, at Pyle, in a copse on the estate of Lord Portman. Mr. Miell, a farmer, hearing the report of guns in Lord Portman's wood, sallied out, accompanied by his two sons, George and Albert, and a servant lad. The younger son and the lad stood to watch, Mr. Miell walking along the bottom of the wood and George Miell taking the upper part. The latter came up in a few minutes with three men armed with sticks and guns. The poachers were recognised as labourers living in the neighbourhood, two of them named Hill (brothers), and the third a man called Vining. He followed the poachers as they went to the edge of the wood, until they got near to the younger Miell, when George Miell turned. George Hill, one of the gang, then fired at the Miells, who were only five or six yards off at the time, and Albert received the contents of the charge in his side. The brother, who had his left arm in a sling, jumped aside, and only a small portion of the shot entered his arm. George Miell now, signalling his father, sprang at Vining, who levelled his piece, and threatened to shoot him. Miell pushed aside the gun and pulled the trigger, so as to render it harmless, but it did not go off, and Vining, raising the weapon, struck him with the barrel. A desperate struggle ensued, the poacher was disarmed, and made a prisoner. It was now found that Albert Miell was severely wounded. The poachers were apprehended.

**SOMNAMBULISM.**—An extraordinary case of somnambulism occurred at Hatherleigh, last week, when a boy named Hurford, fourteen years of age, rose from his bed in the middle of the night, being still asleep, passed through some plants without disturbing them, and opened the window, through which he dropped into the street, eleven or twelve feet below. He then skipped over the street and knocked up an opposite neighbour, whom he asked for the loan of "a washing-tray, as mother was going washing." Seeing the boy's almost naked condition, the neighbour aroused the father, who took home his still unconscious son.

**ANOTHER CONFLICT WITH POACHERS.**—Two game-watchers, named Stobart and Norfolk, on the estate of Mr. William Smith, of High Gosforth, were upon the look-out on Friday week, when they saw three men with guns and their faces blackened. There was a bright moon, and the keepers had a perfect view of the men, who exclaimed, "Stand back." The watchers did not think it prudent, seeing the odds against them, to attempt to capture the men, and therefore allowed them to retire from the park. In the meantime, however, they called up the keeper, and thus reinforced, overtook the three on the road. As the poachers were neared, they drew guns from their pockets; one of them, who subsequently turned out to be a pitman named Potter, discharged his gun at the keeper's party, but fortunately the contents did not take effect. Then followed a struggle, in which Stobart was dreadfully injured; however, the watchers succeeded in capturing Potter and a companion, who also turned out to be a pitman. The guns they carried are said to be of the roughest construction. The stocks were chopped out of a "pit-drop," and they had nails for triggers. The locks were fastened on with twine.

## DISASTERS AT SEA.

The steamship *Ceres*, of Hull, laden with government stores, went ashore near the Lizard on Saturday; and the master and his wife, and about nine of the crew, perished. An officer of H.M.S. *Virago*, reports as follows:—"Saturday, December 22, at 11.30 a.m., exchanged colours with and passed an English screw-steamer, a barque, of about 650 tons, under steam and square sails, running for the Lizard. The *Virago* passed the Lizard at 1 p.m. At 2.15 p.m. the barque was observed keeping too close apparently to Lizard Point, and at 2.40 p.m. she was apparently ashore. Up to this moment she had shown no signal of distress. The wind was blowing strong in squalls from W.N.W., and the *Virago* was by this time 11 or 12 miles to leeward of her, and could not possibly have got back before dark, when, from the nature of the coast, and the fact of there being 200 troops with their baggage on board, very little assistance could have been rendered. However painful it was to leave a vessel in such a distressing position, Commander Dunn was compelled to continue his course, and to convey the troops to their destination. One of the Irish steamers had passed in-shore to the *Virago* and was steaming towards the Lizard."

The screw-steamer *Czar*, while on the voyage from London to Alexandria, with a cargo of shot and shell, was lost on the Vroge Rock, near the Lizard, on Saturday. The master, his wife and child, and seven or eight seamen, were drowned. The first mate, two engineers, and the captain's nephew, were saved.

The Hamburg barque *Diana* drove on shore in Brakelson Bay, on Sunday. The crew was rescued only with great difficulty.

## THE GREAT EASTERN.

The contract for the purchase of the Great Eastern by the Great Ship Company has been concluded, and the first instalment of purchase-money paid to the liquidators. £300,000, including the subscriptions of the old shareholders in the Eastern Steam Company, have been subscribed, and this, it is believed, will be amply sufficient not only for the purchase and completion of the ship, but also to provide working capital.

No money will be wasted in the mere frippery of decoration, though at the same time all the fittings will be of the most substantial kind. The design for the poop is complete in all its details. All of it will be constructed of iron, and some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that the chief dining-saloon, 120 feet long by 47 feet wide and 9 feet high under the beams, will be in that part of the vessel. There is to be a large number of bath-rooms allotted to each class of passengers, all of which will be kept supplied with hot and cold fresh and sea water. The contractors are to commence their work on the 15th of February, and are bound under penalties to complete all in five months from that date. The long-expected first trial trip will therefore take place about the middle of July, when it is intended to run out from Weymouth to the middle of the Atlantic and try the ship under all possible conditions of sail and steam. This short voyage will probably occupy about six days, for the lowest estimate yet made of her speed allows her 17 knots, or about 18½ statute miles an hour, the speed of a parliamentary train. What may be considered as the commencement of the work of fitting was to be commenced to-day (Saturday), when the large iron floating Derrick, launched last autumn, will be used for the purpose of hoisting in the main shaft of the paddle-engines and the rudder. The former weighs no less than 40 tons, the latter 13, and each of these ponderous masses of iron work have been finished off with as much care and evenness as if they were intended for the works of a clock. Both these will be deposited in the fore part of the vessel in order to assist in bringing her more down by the head when the blades of the screw are being fixed. The latter have not been attached to the screw bars, as in case of ice during the winter enough might have formed round them to have held such a mass of the loose pack as with the flow of the tide might have seriously endangered the ship.

So much has been truly said and written as to the importance of the Great Eastern in a mercantile point of view that all have tacitly overlooked how, as a vessel of war, she would, to this country at least, be almost invaluable. The difficulties of the present means of oceanic communication oblige the Government to maintain larger forces at all points of the empire than are actually requisite at one and the same time. With two or three such vessels as the Great Eastern such a necessity would be obviated for the future, and the Government would have increased strength even at a reduction of the present military establishments. Continental nations are well aware that the secret of England's weakness as a military power is not so much due to the smallness of her army as in the necessity for its dispersion. Once show that the means already exist for obviating this necessity, and England's position as a military empire, able in ten days to transport an army of 30,000 men to any part of Europe, will be second to none on earth. "The political results which would accrue from the Government having at its disposal such a class of ships would be almost equally important. It would then be, with a closely consolidated empire, the power of Great Britain plus her colonies and dependencies. M. Lesseps might sink all the money in France in his Suez canal, and Mr. Buchanan assert American morality and manifest destiny at the expense of poor Nicaragua. England need never strive about a right of way when her quickest and safest path would then lie over her traditional element. The revolution which a squadron of such vessels would effect in war would be as great as their results in commerce, and then we should for the first time really see steam doing for the ocean what it has already done for the land."

**LORD CLYDE'S MISSION.**—The "Mémorial Diplomatique," a journal established (it is thought) on a semi-official base, contains a note from an English homme d'état, which says Queen Victoria has written to Lord Clyde, requesting that brave old soldier to return to England in order to be in London by the 24th of May. The writer says his Lordship will take command of "the coast army," which is to be made up to 100,000 infantry, whilst the militia are to number 200,000. Finally, Lord Clyde will have at his disposal 50,000 cavalry and artillery. The Channel fleet, according to this authority, will be doubled, whilst the Mediterranean squadron is to be tripled. "By this means," says the English statesman, "we shall be able to dictate peace if war break out malgré nous."

**PROPOSED MALAYAN SHIP CANAL.**—An impression is entertained, that by a water-out of twelve miles across a particular part of the Malayan peninsula, a saving of 1175 miles might be effected in the distance between Calcutta and China. At present the voyage from India to Canton involves a long détour by the Straits of Malacca, the whole of which would be avoided if a transit could be effected at a spot called the Isthmus of Kraw, situated at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Siam. According to Siamese official statements, there is a navigable river on this side of that isthmus, separated only by twelve miles from another river on the eastern side, which, without falls or rapids, runs through a well-inhabited country, abounding in rice and cattle, into the Bay of Siam. Sir John Bowring also has stated that the direct passage across the isthmus is about fifty miles, and that "a few miles of canalisation are alone required to unite these navigable communications as they now exist."

**THE "TABLE" IN CHINA.**—Some specimens of Chinese food, just received at South Kensington, through Sir John Bowring, will give a little insight into the nature of a Chinese dinner. It includes a collection of Chinese wines; a small number of specimens of tea; some kinds of sea-weed; fourteen varieties of Chinese cakes; preserved fruits and vegetables, &c. There is also a tempting variety of tobaccoes. Some of the specimens are marked "Mild for women," whilst others are prepared for smoking through water-pipes. These specimens are accompanied by several pipes used in smoking both opium and tobacco. There are various miscellaneous substances of more or less interest; such as seeds, dried fruits, preparations from the bamboo, and condiments of various kinds. Amongst these are specimens of arrowroot from the roots of the water-lily.

**HISTORICAL TREASURES.**—A great literary treasure is now in the possession of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, namely, the records of the Bastille, which were saved by a Russian who was attached to the Russian Embassy at the Court of Versailles as translator. The following are the contents:—Royal lettres de cachet; ordinances of the ministers; letters of the ministers to the officers of the Bastille; notices and reports of the police spies in reference to the prisoners; confiscated poems and prose works; poems and writings in prose, written in the Bastille; and, lastly, the records of that formidable and hated prison.

**CULTIVATION OF OYSTERS.**—An interesting report of certain experiments on oyster-beds has been recently made to the French Government. The locality chosen was a portion of the bay of St. Brieux, on the coast of Brittany. Between March and April, about 3,000,000 of oysters, taken from different parts of the sea, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds in the above bay. The bottom was previously covered with old oyster-shells and boughs of trees arranged like fascines. To these the young oysters attached themselves, and so fruitful are the results that one of the fascines was found at the end of six months to have no less than 20,000 young oysters on it. The report further states that about 25,000 acres may be brought into full bearing in three years at an annual expense not exceeding 10,000 francs.

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S MAJORITY.**—South Australia attained its majority as a colony on the 21st of December, 1857. Large preparations had been made to commemorate an event so interesting to all the colonists, but they were frustrated by incessant rain. A more solid memorial is now proposed. South Australian colonists, retired as well as actual, are asked to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of establishing three exhibitions of £100 a year, open to every school in the colony, so as to enable the holders to complete their education at some European or colonial university.

## ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE PRINCESS FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

INTELLIGENCE of the Princess Frederick-William of Prussia having been safely delivered of a son, arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday afternoon.

The royal mother and infant Prince, we are happy to learn, are doing well.

## DEATH OF MR. HALLAM.

MR. HALLAM, the eminent historian, died on Saturday last, aged eighty-one. Mr. Hallam was born about 1778, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. He subsequently settled in London, where he ever afterwards resided. In 1830 he received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals instituted by George IV. for eminence in historical composition, the other being awarded to Washington Irving. He was at an early period engaged as a regular contributor for the "Edinburgh Review," contemporaneously with his friend Sir Walter Scott, and bore an active part in Mr. Wilberforce's great movement for abolishing the slave trade. Mr. Hallam's works are, "The Constitutional History of England," 2 vols. 8vo; "The History of Europe during the Middle Ages," 2 vols. 8vo; "An Introduction to the Literary History of Europe, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries," 3 vols. 8vo.

Domestic sorrows saddened the latter days of the historian. It was his bitter fate to see two sons of rare promise, who should have preserved his name, go before him. One of these was that Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in 1833, and to whom Tennyson dedicated the remarkable series of poems which have been published under the title of "In Memoriam." The bereaved father was broken-hearted for his son, and spoke of his hopes on this side the tomb as being struck down for ever. His second son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him shortly after he had been called to the bar in 1850, and the poor bereaved father buried him in Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, by the side of his brother, and his sister, and his mother. He selected the place, as he says in his memoir of the elder son, "not only from the connection of kindred, but on account of its still and sequestered situation on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel."

**ALARMING ACCIDENT TO AN EXPRESS TRAIN.**—A Great Northern express train left London at 5 p.m. for Sheffield and Manchester, on Sunday. The train consisted of two guards' vans and three first and second class carriages, and when at a curve between the Kiveton-park and Woodhouse junction stations, about eight miles before it reached Sheffield, it ran off the line. It afterwards proceeded about 100 yards, the wheels of one side being between the two rails on which the train had been running, and the other wheels being on the "six foot," viz., the space between the up and the down lines. While so running, the train turned first against one rail and then against the other, tearing up the rails and jolting the passengers in a frightful manner. The engine rolled over, lodging on the side near the top of the embankment. The carriages also fell over. The passengers were saved, though some of them were under the necessity of kicking out the windows to get out of the carriages.

**PRINCE ALFRED AT TUNIS.**—On the 5th instant Prince Alfred landed at Tunis. Every demonstration to exhibit the friendly feelings towards Great Britain was made by the local authorities. Carriages were in attendance to convey the party to the Palace at Barlo, "where the Prince was received by the reigning Bey with an affection quite paternal." In the meantime the City Palace had been prepared for the Prince, to which he had no sooner repaired than the Bey returned his visit. Next day the Prince examined the remains of the once mighty Carthage, and in the evening he was present at a ball at the consulate. On the 7th, his Royal Highness went to view the ruins of Udim, or Oudna, the ancient Utica, and the day after he visited again the ruins of Carthage. A terrible gale, during which no less than eleven vessels were wrecked, confined the Prince to the ship, and prevented him from the gratification of a boat hunt upon a magnificent scale, especially prepared for him by the Bey. Having taken leave of his Highness on the 13th, Prince Alfred embarked again on the following evening, and sailed for Malta.

**TRANSPORT OF SIEGE MORTARS.**—Several experiments have recently been carried out at Woolwich to test the practicability of moving heavy mortars with the same facility as guns. Some of the heaviest mortars, with the mortar beds, were attached to gun carriages manufactured at the royal arsenal, and the utmost requisite amount of speed was obtained with six horses over a rough road.

**A SENSIBLE VIEW OF THE MATTER.**—Commenting on the proposed Dramatic College, the "Critic" says:—"What conclusion will it be for an old man, who has used himself to gaslight, and his quiet pipe in his favourite tavern, until these matters have become second nature to him, to take him away into the country, and when he is weary of his life ask him to look upon the spot where Milton probably read 'Paradise Lost' to Mr. Elwood? Who can doubt that to tear up old people by the roots from the soil in which they are grown and transport them suddenly, would be to render them intensely miserable? Let us hope that the committee will pause before they are guilty of such cruelty as this. But there is another proposition more monstrous even than that of fixing the site in a neighbourhood hallowed by the memory of the divine Milton, and that is to build the college next door to the Woking Necropolis. Here is a prospect for the poor old actor in the fall of life. He has but to look across the road to see his final resting place. His grave is there for him, and it is but a few yards to walk into it. Perhaps, too, the burying company would consent to some arrangement to allow the collegians to come up to town in the empty hearse. Or they might even find employment for the old historians—such as were able-bodied—as the grave-diggers (not in Hamlet), and the rest as mutes."

**THE ATTRACTIONS OF A GHOST STORY.**—A ghost story in aid of the soup-kitchen fund, announced to be related on Wednesday week by a gentleman, a visitor in Ryde, attracted such an overwhelming crowd of hearers (some 1,200 people having pressed themselves into a space that will only conveniently hold 600) that no order could be kept. After a persevering but vain attempt to procure silence, the gentleman at last gave it up in despair, with a promise to take another opportunity, under better regulations, for carrying his object into effect. The discourse was found almost as difficult to disperse as it was to keep quiet, and it was not till a liberal application of the policeman's belt and the proprietor's toe was resorted to, that the boys would surrender their hard-won positions. It was next day arranged to tell the story on Friday night, with a small charge for admission, for the purpose of securing the comfort of those willing to contribute to the charity, instead of leaving it to voluntary donations, as on the previous day.

**A FRENCH OPINION OF THE ENGLISH NAVY.**—The "Constitutionnel" comments on the recent article in the German "Conversations Lexicon" on the English navy and Sir Charles Napier's letters on the same subject:—"Sir Charles Napier in his calculations sets aside everything that disturbs them. The English fleet is immensely superior to ours in vessels of all sizes. Sir Charles strikes the fleet of sailing vessels off the list and asserts that they are useless. Now it has not been clearly proved that sailing vessels cannot render good service, even in the present state of the war navies. Steam vessels cannot undertake long cruises unless assured of finding numerous coal stations on their track. In this respect the English navy is infinitely better provided for than our own; while on the high seas sailing vessels evidently possess an advantage in being able to dispense with coals. Sir Charles also strikes off the list the gun-boats, to the number of two hundred, which England built towards the close of the Crimean war. What is his reason? That they are too numerous! Finally, Sir Charles scarcely mentions the coast guard, who form a permanent corps of ten thousand tried seamen, nor the really formidable fortifications which are being raised by the Government in every direction, so that a triple circle of cannon now surrounds the United Kingdom. He does not speak of the inexhaustible supply of strong arms and bold hearts which England derives from her maritime population, less well-organised than ours, but ten times more numerous. . . . What can have led the German writer to express the same views as the English admiral? It was not ignorance, for he is well acquainted with his subject; it was not malevolence, for he speaks in the best terms of our ships and crews. Perhaps his error proceeded from the fact of his having compared, not the relative resources of the two countries, not the state of their naval forces, but only the screw vessels of the two navies; and of his having praised the special instruction and discipline of our navies, without noting the compensations found in an English crew. . . . While remarking with satisfaction the progress of our navy, we cannot join with Sir Charles Napier in considering that the English fleet, which is the object of the constant solicitude of the English Government, is unequal to any task which may ever be imposed on it."

## ITALIAN SKETCHES.

At the present moment, when the affairs of Italy engross public attention, and every day brings us intelligence of some new *mot* or some new movement threatening the peace of Europe, the accompanying sketches will be found interesting. They represent three of the Austrian strongholds in Italy, and may be briefly noticed as follows:—

Verona, a fortified city of Austrian-Italy, is situated near the gorges of the Tyrol, and surrounded by the fortresses of Peschiera, Mantua, and Legnago. Verona has always been an important position for the defence



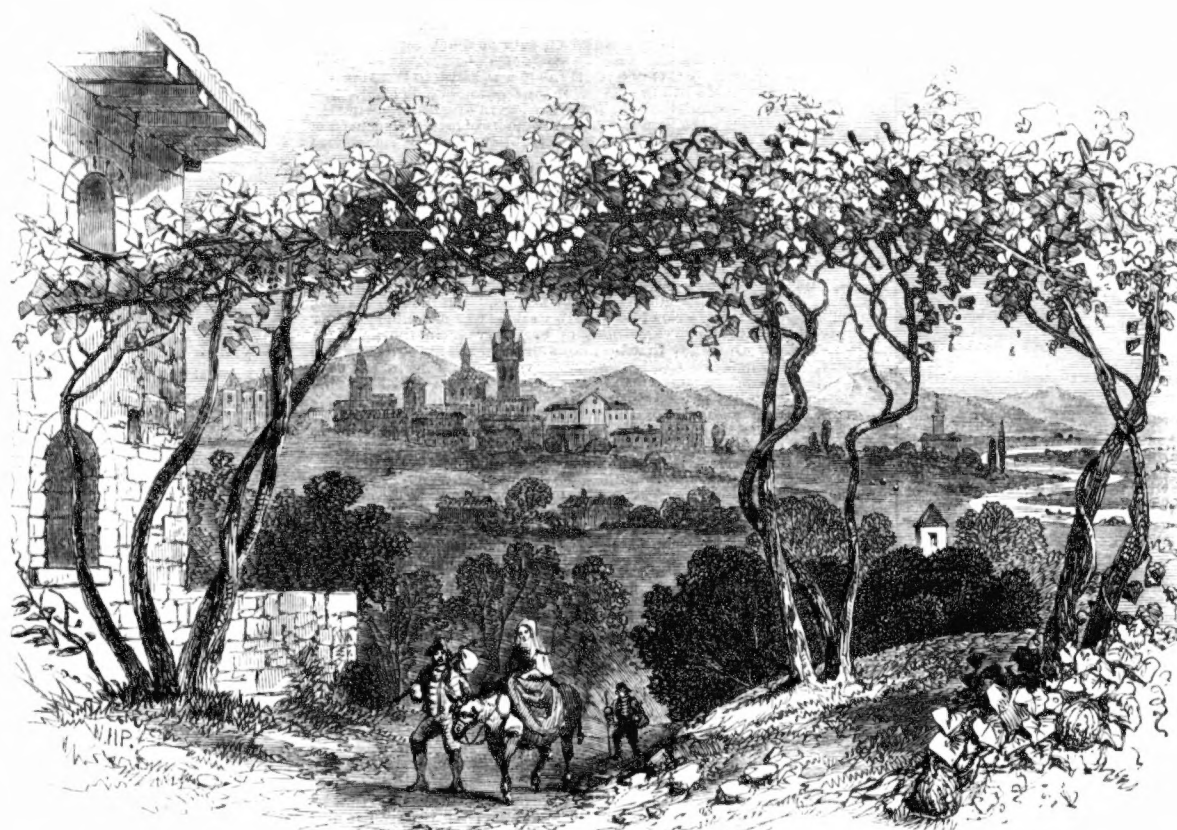


VERONA.

of Upper Italy. It is enclosed by a series of turreted walls, and its fortifications have, since 1822, been much improved. From its fine situation, rich historical remains and literary institutions, it is one of the most interesting cities in Italy. It is the birth-place of Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, the elder Pliny, Paul Veronese, Bianchini, the Marquis Maffei, and many other distinguished men. It has manufactories of woollens and cottons, numerous silk mills, moved by water-power, and an extensive trade in silk and rural produce.

Bergamo, also a fortified town of Lombardy, is one of the most picturesque cities in Northern Italy. Amongst its public institutions may be numbered a town hall, college, atheneum, academy of the fine arts, library and military asylum. It also has pretensions to be a manufacturing town, and is particularly noted for its silk, woollen, cotton, and linen fabrics, silk twist and iron ware. The largest fair in Northern Italy is held here annually in August, the aggregate sales at which sometimes amount to £1,200,000. A colossal statue is erected in the principal square to Torquato Tasso, whose father was born here.

Pavia is another stronghold of Austrian Italy, situated on the river Ticino. It has numerous public edifices, the chief of which are its



BERGAMO.

old castle, the ancient residence of the Lombard kings, the celebrated university, founded by Charlemagne at the end of the eighth century, and recently restored, and in which Spallanzani and Volta were professors. It had, in 1842, 1,484 students, a library of 50,000 volumes, and a botanic garden. Pavia has a royal gymnasium, a theatre, numerous charitable institutions, a chamber of commerce, and trade in silk, rice, wine, and Parmesan cheese. In 1525, Francis I., King of France, was conquered and made prisoner by the Imperialists near Pavia. In the same battle fell Gaston de Foix—"the gallant young de Foix," as Byron calls him—after performing prodigies of valour, in the hope of retrieving the fortunes of the field. A monument to de Foix was erected on the site of the battle, but, as Byron tells us, it has fallen into forgetfulness and decay—

"And weeds in ordure rankle round the base."

Such is the fleeting nature of human fame, the pursuit of which has prompted many a daring spirit beside to "seek the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." It was after the battle of Pavia that Francis I. wrote to his mother, that he and the French army had "lost everything but honour!" Pavia was taken by the Spaniards in 1745, and by the French in 1796.



PAVIA.





VISIT OF PIUS IX. TO THE CHURCH OF THE APOSTLES AT ROME.



## THE POPE VISITING THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES.

SINCE the voice of the pontiff has proclaimed the dogma of the immaculate conception, Rome celebrates with much pomp the anniversary of this, to the Catholics, great fête-day. Our engraving illustrates the visit of the Pope to the church of the "Holy Apostles," to be present at the ceremony performed in commemoration, by the monks of the order of Saint Francis, who were zealous upholders and defenders of the doctrine from the most ancient times. His Holiness is attended by many of the members of the pontifical court, and is received at the entrance to the church by a guard of honour of the Swiss Guard, dressed in the picturesque uniform designed for them by Michael Angelo.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

### THE BURNS CENTENARY.

THIS week has witnessed an event new in our social history; the formal celebration of the birthday of a great man, whose greatness was solely exhibited in the form of literature. Without going into the merely æsthetic questions of the literary value of Burns's writings, there is something about a fact like this public celebration of his memory which deserves to be noticed.

The reasons why the Scotch attach such a supreme importance to the fame and writings of Burns, is, that he is the only modern poet who is popular, in the true sense of the word. When we talk of education (and when we are talking of education we are generally thinking of books) we calculate the moral force which forms the minds and habits of a nation. But the influence of a writer like Burns supplies to the people what reformers desire should be given by the state, and supersedes a great part of its work. It keeps their moral and affectionate feelings alive, cheers them for their daily action, and supplies to their minds that general stimulus which elevates ordinary existence into something consciously noble and happy. If there were many poets like Burns, the great education problem would trouble us less, for, as far as reading constitutes education, the problem would answer itself. Whether clearly or dimly felt, this is the kind of value which the Scotch have been recognising in their poet during this week.

But the question naturally arises, whether the appearance of such a man is a mere mystery of Providence with which we have nothing to do but admire it. Once acquiesce in that belief—which is the truth, but not the whole truth—and we have nothing to do but view Burns's genius as a mystery, and the national celebration of it as a curiosity. Yet, there is a view to be taken of the phenomenon much more practical, and which has direct instruction for ourselves. It is to this that we would direct attention on the present occasion.

Nobody can doubt, who knows the Scottish poet's biography, that he owed much to the superior education afforded to his class. It was a tradition among them, that whatever could be done in that way, should be done for every member of a family. And why? Because they had learned its value from experience, and the experience had been afforded by the legislation of their country. This is the lesson of the Burns's Centenary to the English. They have great poets, and they have popular poets, but they have not one who is domesticated in the cottages of the peasantry like Robert Burns. The explanation is, certainly, that that peasantry was prepared both for the production and the appreciation of such a man by their superior culture and training. Béranger's fame is chiefly Parisian; Shakespeare is not familiar to the mass; Burns is known to and read by every individual among his countrymen. "Why" he appeared at that moment and in such a position, is strictly an insoluble problem; but we go some way toward its elucidation, and toward the explanation of his popularity, by recognising the immense debt of his country toward its old system of schools.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

LORD AILSA is to be the new Knight of the Thistle, in the place of the late Earl of Haddington.

COUNT DE HATZFELD, Prussian Ambassador in France, who left Paris for Berlin shortly after the stir about war began, died at the Prussian capital last week.

A GREAT-GRANDSON OF PENN, the wealthy founder of Pennsylvania, and the friend of James II., has just expired, at a very advanced age, in the hospital of the benevolent Colston, at Bristol.

MAZAI PACHA, the brother of Ali Ghalib who was drowned recently in the Bosphorus, has been killed by a carriage accident at Rouschouch. Thus depart the first and second sons of Redschid Pacha.

THE LOSSES occasioned by the late destructive fire in Valparaiso amounted to 3,000,000 dollars. Two other fires broke out since the last great conflagration, but fortunately neither of them did much damage.

THE CHAPTER OF ELY propose to restore the octagon and lantern of the cathedral as a fitting memorial of the zeal, energy, and liberality of Dean Peacock, in the restoration of the fabric.

THE HANOVERIAN GOVERNMENT has just proposed to the Chambers the substitution of the guillotine for the axe now in use in that country for capital punishments.

"THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH," says a Paris correspondent of the "Nord," "is about to increase the number of his receptions. The high functionaries of the State and the ladies of their families will be received on Tuesdays and Thursdays. On the same days will be given a grand dinner to which all the wives of general officers will be successively invited with their husbands."

A NEW VOLUME OF TALES BY CHARLES DICKENS is announced amongst the literary anticipations of the day.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM has two volumes of "Memoirs of the Court of George IV." in the press. These memoirs, it is understood, are made up from original family papers.

THERE has been a kind of riot at the University of Moscow, and a large number of the students left; but, owing to judicious measures, the ill-feeling was suppressed, and they returned to their studies.

THE REV. RICHARD DOYLE, who, it will be recollected, had considerable litigation with Cardinal Wiseman, has implored the Pope's pardon, and expressed his willingness to do penance.

THE GOVERNMENT are sending a number of young men to Japan, for the purpose of acquiring the language of the country, so that they may be enabled to act as interpreters, and be otherwise useful to British subjects trading or settling there.

AN AUSTRIAN REGIMENT OF THE LINE, when on a war footing, consists of 5,964 men.

A BATTERY is to be erected on the Lighthouse Island, at the Mumbles, in Swansea Bay.

A WARM DISCUSSION is going on between Rome and the Swiss Confederation respecting the rights of the Papal nuncio in Switzerland.

THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SING, well known in English fashionable circles, has, according to a Vienna letter in the "German Journal of Frankfurt," chosen unto himself a bride at Pesth.

M. HERME, Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts at Brussels, is publishing a new history of Charles V. from original sources. The first volume of the work has left the press.

THE NEXT AND LAST SHAKESPEARIAN REVIVAL, under Mr. C. Kean's management, at the Princess's Theatre, will be "King Henry V." it is said.

THE MAGNIFICENT THEATRE OF THE SULTAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE has just been inaugurated in presence of his Majesty and the principal dignitaries of the empire. Orders were given for the performance, on the 14th, of the comic opera of the "Scaramucia," at which all the ladies of the harem, for the first time in their lives, were to be present in the various boxes.

THE INHABITANTS OF WAKEFIELD were alarmed, the other night, by a loud report, occasioned by the discharge of the Russian gun presented to the town, which some mischievous person had loaded. Many panes of glass in the neighbouring buildings were broken.

AT A RECENT BALL AT THE TOILETTES (we read) a lady fainted, or, from some cause of a similar nature, confusion arose. "The Emperor and Empress fled from the throne, and made their way as precipitately as possible across the salon, the Empress gathering up her petticoats with her hands as best she might, and looking so pale that her best friends said 'it was death-like to look at.'"

PAINTER, a prisoner in the Durham County Jail, hung himself, a few days ago.

TWO MEN were killed, on Wednesday, at the Low-hall Pit, Wigan, by an explosion of fire-damp.

A GOOD SERVICE PENSION OF £100 PER ANNUM has been conferred upon Major-General M. C. Johnstone, late of the 87th Foot. He has been thirty-six years in the service, and was much employed in the Kafir wars.

THE POWER OF STRAW as a conductor of electricity has been utilised in the south of France, no less than eighteen communes, in the neighbourhood of Tarbes, having been provided with conductors composed of straw. Experiments show that an electrical shock sufficiently powerful to kill an ox may be discharged by a single straw.

COCHIN CHINA produces as many as twenty varieties of oranges, differing in colour, flavour, and size, and among them all there is not one that is not wholesome and agreeable to the taste.

THE PROPRIETOR of the "Wesleyan Times" publicly invites persons to attend prayer-meetings to be held in an "upper room" in his office twice a day.

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS has introduced competitive examinations into the department over which he presides.

THE 70TH REGIMENT OF THE FRENCH ARMY was recently caught in a snow storm, in Algeria, and twenty men perished; a number of others were severely frost-bitten.

THE GREEK GOVERNMENT has just made a further remittance to the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the mutiny in India, on account of contributions throughout the Hellenic kingdom. The sum contributed by the Hellenic people up to this time amounts to £929 14s. 8d., besides the personal subscription of the King.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened at Jerusalem to repair the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre, which is falling in ruins.

THE AUTHORITIES OF THE INDIA HOUSE have placed two cadetships at the disposal of the governors of Wellington College.

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT at OSTEND was lying on his deathbed, surrounded by his wife and children, when his father came in to see him. The father was so affected that he was struck with apoplexy, and he and the son died at nearly the same moment.

IF OFFICIAL FIGURES under the Imperial administration are to be trusted, the French navy has cost only £29,000,000 during the six years in which England has paid away £54,000,000.

MADAME CAVAIAGNA, the widow of the celebrated General, has given up the portion settled on her by M. Odier, her father (200,000fr.), to his creditors, he having become a bankrupt.

THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY has issued a decree, ordering the suppression of all private money lotteries.

THE DUTY ON TOBACCO AND SNUFF amounted, in the year 1858, to £5,272,471. Upwards of £3,000,000 are annually spent on tobacco and snuff!

A GENTLEMAN AT DARLINGTON, who had married his deceased wife's sister, has recently been repelled from the communion in the face of the whole congregation by the officiating minister of his parish, with the sanction, it is said, of the bishop of the diocese.

MR. W. S. O'BRIEN will leave Ireland for America via Galway in a few weeks. His stay on the American continent will probably last for a few months.

THE PRINCE OF ODE is on his way to England, to solicit a pardon for his father.

THE INCREASE IN THE NAVY ESTIMATES for the years 1859-60 will be considerable; the increase in the surveyor's department will be upwards of £1,000,000, it is said.

THE STORM OF SUNDAY seems to have had a pretty extensive range. In London and its neighbourhood considerable damage was done; we have reports of chimney stacks blown down, and trees uprooted, from various quarters.

A PUBLIC DINNER was given at Glasgow, last week, in honour of Professor Thomson, the Atlantic Telegraph electrician. The Lord Provost occupied the chair.

THE GOVERNMENT propose to create a bishopric of St. Helena, we hear.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA has entirely recovered from her recent illness, and has already taken gentle foot exercise in the open air. It is thought that, accompanied by her son, the Emperor Alexander, she will visit Berlin next spring, and extend her journey.

### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

IT is wonderful how long a fallacy will live when once it gets fairly started. Here is one that has lately been flying about with extraordinary vivacity. Mr. Roebuck uttered it at Sheffield; Mr. Ellice endorsed it at Cupar; and it has been echoed and re-echoed by the newspaper press, until a large number of people have come to take it for a veritable fact. Now, whatever we may think of Mr. Bright's Bill—whether we think that he is right or wrong in his wholesale disfranchisement of small boroughs—it cannot be wrong to dispose of this fallacy. There will be fewer lies in the world by one; and he that stamps out a lie does a good thing. It is alleged that small boroughs are the gateways by which genius—matured and recognised, or just struggling to make itself known and felt—gets into Parliament; and that if we sweep away these boroughs, we shall exclude some of the best men in the kingdom from the House. The large boroughs will not return them, and all the patent gateways by which they now enter will be closed. Well, to bring this averment to the test of fact, let us take the small boroughs which Bright proposes to disfranchise, and see what sort of members they do really return. Here is the list:—Abingdon, Mr. Norris; Andover, Mr. Cubitt; Ashburton, Mr. Moffatt; Bewdley, Sir T. E. Winstanley; Bodmin, Captain Vivian and James Wyld; Brecknock, Colonel Lloyd Watkin; Bridgenorth, Whitmore and Pritchard; Bridport, Mitchell and Hudson; Calne, Sir Fenwick Williams; Christchurch, Admiral Walcott; Cokermouth, Steel and Lord Naas; Dartmouth, Caird; Devizes, Watson Taylor and Colville; Dorchester, Sheridan and Sturt; Evesham, Sir H. Willoughby and Holland; Rye, Sir E. Kerrison; Guildford, Onslow and Bovill; Harwich, two Bagshawes (father and son); Helstone, Trueman; Huntingdon, General Peel and Thomas Baring; Launceston, Hon. J. Percy; Leominster, Gathorne Hardy and J. P. Willoughby; Knaresborough, Basil Woodd and Collins; Lichfield, Lord Sandon and Lord A. Paget; Ludlow, Colonel Herbert and Botfield; Lyme Regis, Colonel Pinney; Lynton, Mackinnon and Sir John Carnac; Maldon, Western and Bramley Moore; Malmesbury, Luce; Malton, Hon. C. Fitzwilliam and Brown; Marlborough, Lord E. Bruce and Bingham Baring; Marlow, Piers Williams and Colonel Knox; Midhurst, Samuel Warren; Northallerton, Wrightson; Petersfield, Sir W. Jolliffe; Radnor, Cornwall Lewis; Reigate, Monson; Richmond, Rich and Wyvill; Ripon, Greenwood and Warre; Rye, Mackinnon jun.; St. Ives, Paull; Thetford, Earl of Euston and Baring; Thirsk, Sir W. Galwey; Totness, Earl Gifford and Mills; Wareham, Calcraft; Wells, Sir W. Hayter and Jolliffe jun.; Westbury, Sir M. Lopes; Woodstock, Lord A. Churchill; Wycombe, Sir H. Dashwood and Martin Tucker Smith.

The only men who can pretend to eminence here are the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. C. Lewis, and Mr. Thomas Baring—I mean senatorial eminence. Mr. Sam Warren is a noted man—but in quite another walk; and Sir F. Williams of Kars stands high as a soldier, but will never be great as a statesman. All the rest are nowhere. Not a soul amongst them lifts his head above the level of common men. The fallacy, therefore, that these boroughs are serviceable for the admission of eminent men who would not otherwise get into Parliament, should take itself away. By simply bringing it into collision with facts, I have knocked its brains out, and it ought at once to die and get itself decently buried.

But Mr. Bright's bill won't pass this session. Think what he has to do. Before he can translate his Reform scheme into fact, he must persuade 130 honourable members that their political annihilation is a necessary sacrifice to the genius of Reform; and that each one ought, like Quintus Curtius, voluntarily to leap into the gulf to save his country. Mr. Bright's eloquence is powerful, everybody knows; but if it can achieve this, it will be more wonderful than Orpheus's lute.

Mr. Roebuck amused his Sheffield audience with a picture of an unfortunate member of Parliament, laughed and coughed down because he sinned against the law of aspirates, put in the *h* where there ought not to be one, or left it out when it ought to be pronounced; but my opinion is, that the artist drew upon his imagination for this picture, and not from the life. I do not remember any occurrence of the sort, and certainly such occurrences are not common; nor is it true that the House of Commons is "the most critical assembly in the world." On the contrary, it is exceedingly tolerant and charitable, and is becoming more and more so every session. It is remarkable what nonsense, slipslop-breaches of all grammatical rules, stutters, and hesitations, it will tolerate. It is true it is impatient sometimes, and often howls and coughs, and utters indescribable noises, when honourable members are speaking; but it does this, not because it is critical, but because it is hungry or tired—wants to hurry on a division, that it may go to dinner or to bed.

There was a report in the "Times," some time back, that Sir Richard Bromley, the Accountant-General of the Navy, was to be appointed Under Secretary of War, in place of Sir Benjamin Hawes, who, it was said, was about to resign. This change has not, however, been effected, nor is it likely that it will be effected at present. The accounts at the War Office are in a most chaotic state, I am told, and of all men in the civil service no one is so competent to reduce the chaos to order as Sir Richard Bromley; but there is an obstacle in the way of his removal to the War Office, which at present is insuperable. Before he can go there, Sir Benjamin Hawes must retire; and this he is willing to do, but not without a pension, of course. But at present no pension can be granted, for, by Act of Parliament, only a certain number of Under Secretaries can be in the receipt of pensions at one time, and the list is full.

### THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

LYCEUM—ADELPHI.

THE engagement of Madame Celeste and Mrs. Keeley has necessitated a change in the class of drama usually performed at the Lyceum. Vaudevilles are discarded, and comedy hides its head before triumphant melodrama. A new specimen of the latter class was produced on Thursday se'night, under the title of "A Sister's Sacrifice." It is a most literal, Levizac-dictionary adaptation of a piece produced in Paris some time since, called "Les Orphelines de Valneige," which was founded on Lamartine's pretty story of "Généviève." In the English dress in which it comes before us, the drama is interesting and effective; and, admirably acted as it is, will doubtless prove very attractive, for a London audience likes a good melodrama better than any other kind of theatrical pabulum with which it can be tempted. The story is simple enough. Généviève (Madame Celeste) and Josette (Miss St. George) are orphans residing at Valneige, the former in love with, and beloved by, Cyprian Gérard (Mr. Emery), the latter flirting with any one whom she may fancy. Josette is indeed a most unamiable person, for when she finds that Cyprian's parents, not unnaturally, object to her accompanying her sister, their intended daughter-in-law, to their house, she makes a passionate appeal to Généviève, reminding her of a promise which she had given to their dying mother, and finally obliges her to give up her marriage, that the sisters may still dwell together. In the second act we find that Généviève has been away on business, and during her absence Josette has died—died somewhat mysteriously too, from the hints dropped by one of the characters. Cyprian is going to be married to Catherine (Mrs. Keeley), a village grisette, who, with great good taste, comes to buy her finery at Généviève's shop. While there, Généviève receives a letter, immediately upon reading which she swoons. Catherine reads the letter, the writer of which acknowledges the wrong he had done, both to Généviève and Josette, and begs that "if the child lives" it should be taken to his house. To the audience the mystery is now explained. Josette has been unfortunate, and died in childbirth; but the letter is hazy, and the suspicions of Catherine light on Généviève. Accordingly when Cyprian, hearing of Catherine's unfeeling conduct in visiting Généviève's shop to buy her wedding clothes, breaks off with her, and hopes again to find happiness with his former love, Catherine indignantly mentions the letter, and taxes Généviève with the honours of maternity. The latter is stunned, but so devoted is she to her sister's memory that she accepts the imputation, and once more loses her lover. The third act is laid in the mountains, at the farm



of Cyprian's father: hither G<sup>énéviève</sup>, perished with cold, outcast, starving, had dragged herself to die, arriving on the very morning when Catherine and Cyprian, having renewed their intimacy, are going to be married. When G<sup>énéviève</sup> is perceived she is about to be thrust out as a moral leper, but Madame Belau (Mrs. Weston)—the sole repository of G<sup>énéviève</sup>'s confidence, and who has hitherto kept the secret well—now breaks out, and declares her innocence; Catherine, with unexpected generosity, gives Cyprian up to her, and all ends happily. The piece, as I have said before, is a little more care would have made it better. For instance, the adapter, Mr. French, might easily have found out that "huit jours" are equivalent with us to "a week," and that French peasants are not very likely to reckon in English farthings. The acting throughout was excellent; Madame Celeste, Mrs. Keeley, and Mr. Emery, all played with the greatest spirit, and Mr. Barrett gave breadth and unction to a very small part. I regretted to see so good an actor as Mr. Rogers compelled to resort to such illegitimate "tricks" in the endeavour to raise a laugh out of the wretched nonsense which he had to say. Will the company, with two exceptions, permit me to suggest to them that "John-veave" is not the most accurate pronunciation of the heroine's name?

The report that the author of the new piece, "The Borgia Ring," produced on Monday at the Adelphi, was connected with what the newspapers call the "monetary world," did not need much confirmation after a glance at the house before the rise of the curtain. The stalls, the private boxes, and the first circle, were absolutely redolent of gold! filled with noble, portly-looking, sable-clad gentlemen, in all that variety of whisker, massiveness of watch-guard, and splendour of shirt-stud, in which Capel Court delights! There they were, "off duty," and sportive as is their wont when business does not call; Turkish Guaranteed amicably chaffing Spanish New Deferred, while Belgian Four-and-a-Half settled down by Ottoman Bank Preference, both determined thoroughly to enjoy the work of their *conférencé*'s leisure hours. The author of the "Borgia Ring" is apparently one of those persons who, becoming imbued with an idea which, in comparison with their usual thoughts, possesses some slight brilliancy, immediately endeavours to surround it with a scaffolding of construction, and in general lamentably fail. Our present example has not escaped the general fate. To convince the public that Stonehenge by moonlight, and a ring containing poison, were two good dramatic effects, he has produced a play, vague in plot, rapid in dialogue, and totally devoid of artistic construction. There is not one good part in the piece, so that no one can be said to be sacrificed on the shrine of personal vanity; the language never rises beyond the merest common-place, save when it soars to Fizzballism; it is replete with the most glaring anachronisms; while the laughter that is excited is caused by purely practical pantomime. The actual story, divested of the underplot, which has nothing on earth to do with it, is this:—Piers Wenlock (Mr. B. Webster) is the spendthrift outcast nephew of an old gentleman, recently deceased, in whose house he has been staying under an assumed name, and to whose will he has been a witness. By this will he is disinherited, and the whole property devised to a Lieut. Raby Langley (Mr. Billington), on condition that he gives up his engagement to a humbly-born-girl, Mabel Davenport (Mrs. A. Mellon), who is also resident in the house, has also witnessed the execution of the will, and alone knows where it is to be found. Langley is away, and Piers Wenlock's scheme is to learn from Mabel where the will is placed: to this end he offers her a large bribe, pointing out that the will once destroyed, she will be enabled to marry Langley. But the girl is curiously unselfish, she won't give herself the pleasure of marrying her lover if he should lose his fortune, so she refuses, but eventually is prevailed upon to go that night to Stonehenge, where she will learn something affecting her lover's safety. Before starting, she goes to an old cabinet, where the will is preserved, in a drawer of which she finds a ring, which, when pressed, possesses poisonous properties. Hiding the will in her dress, and placing the ring on her finger, Mabel starts for the rendezvous. The next scene gives us Stonehenge by moonlight, and an interview between Mabel and Piers, at which the latter demands the keys of the receptacle where the will is placed. Mabel hesitates, but Piers, accidentally seizing her hand, is imbued with the poisoned virus, and falls in a swoon. The first two scenes of the second act are devoted to the pranks of Tim Weazle (Mr. Toole), a rascal, who goes to a ball dressed in female attire, gets drunk, and tumbles about the stage, after performing a dance with Mr. Paul Bedford! All very humorous, clever, and respectable! The last scene brings us back to Stonehenge. Piers Wenlock is still alive, but vicious to the last: discovering Mabel had the will on her person, he discharges his pistol at her, happily without effect; and when young Raby Langley comes in to the rescue, under the pretence of shaking hands with him, he very nearly gives him a taste of the poisoned ring. Then, after making some original remarks about his being "baffled," having "played the game and lost," &c., he dies in the approved manner.

Now in the production of this worse than bad piece a great deal of excellent talent has been expended. Never did Mr. Webster look handsomer, never did he act with more power and spirit than on Monday night; Mrs. Mellon, too, was charming, most natural and interesting. In a theatre like the Adelphi, she is of incalculable use, being equally good in humorous or pathetic representation. Of Mr. Toole, and that portion of the play with which he is concerned, I forbear to speak. Mr. Toole is a young and very clever actor, who has already made himself a favourite, and is clearly not responsible for the exhibition which he made of himself on Monday night. The taste for this style of full-flavoured humour has luckily evaporated, and the sibilation which greeted Mr. Toole's exit (I should think for the first time in his life), shows plainly that it is not likely to be revived. The curtain fell amidst resonant bravos, and calls for the author, but a *succès d'amateur* does not mean a lasting triumph.

MRS. WORDSWORTH, widow of the poet, died last week at Rydal. Lady Georgiana Wolff (née Stanhope) wife of the learned and eccentric missionary, also died last week. Yet another death of interest in the literary world we have to record: that of Madame Arim—Goethe Bettina.

THE DUTY ON PAPER in the year ended the 31st March, amounted to £1,130,683, and in the preceding year to £1,138,880.

NEW DOCKS FOR FALMOUTH are contemplated.

THE AMERICAN METHODISTS have a rare preacher among them, if we are to believe a correspondent of the "Memphis Christian Advocate," who says of a Rev. P. E. Pitts—"There are times when the flames of his pathos lick the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to the depths fathomed by few other men."

AN UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION is said to be in contemplation at Constantinople, of all places in the world.

THREE HUNDRED SUITS FOR DIVORCE are pending in the Supreme Court of New York, and as many more in the Superior Courts and Common Pleas.

THE PREMISES OF A FIREWORK-MAKER at Marseilles were blown up on the 14th, and four men employed on the establishment, together with a child who happened to be passing, were killed on the spot.

A SCOTCH DIVINE'S IDEA OF BURNS.—The "Daily Scotsman" of Monday says:—"The following remarks are sent us as those with which the Rev. Dr. W. L. Alexander closed his lecture yesterday:—'Is there not an idolatry of genius among you? What is the homage which thousands in this city and throughout the country are going to pay to the memory of a man this week but something of this kind? I am not about to detract from the genius of this man in what I am going to say. If he had been a mighty prince, who had delivered a nation from a cruel bondage, and raised it to a high condition of liberty and civilisation—if he had been a discoverer in science and philosophy, who had conferred the benefits of wealth and social improvements upon the world—I should consider the homage about to be paid to him as both foolish and wrong; but when he was a person who never loved a woman but to betray her, and who never made an acquaintance among either young men or women but he injured and corrupted, I am at a loss to explain the infatuation that has fallen upon my country. England would not do so for her Milton; Germany would not do so for her Goethe; Italy would not do so for Tasso or Dante; but Scotchmen are about to do this for a man who was far beneath either of these great sons of genius. I cannot but regard this conduct, in every view of it, as both foolish and wicked.'"

## THE BURNS CENTENARY POEMS.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUB presents his compliments to the Editor of the "Illustrated Times," and begs to forward to him the enclosed poems, which were evidently intended for the directors of the Crystal Palace, but which owing to some mistake (probably to the absence of the postal district initial), have been mis-delivered.

### PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS,

BY MARTHA FARTHING TUFFER, M.A.

Time is the swallower of all things, he devourereth kings and nations, And, with the exception of Truth, he bringeth all into subjection. Wings wears he at his back, and he passeth with a nimble footstep Over heads, which whiten at his touch, and backs which bend when he approaches.

Years form a portion of time—lo! a year is as nought but a twelve-month,

Checked by the aged Moore, the compiler of the *Vox Stellarum*! A week is not as a day, but that period multiplied by seven, And if atoms hold not together, the mass is crumbled into dust.

Come, and I will show thee a man who was not of the feminine gender, But masculine, as of the male, whose crown was voluntary manhood. Burns was a ploughman of Scotland—a portion of the United Kingdom, Where the parties feed on oatcakes, and give themselves to reels and bagpipes.

Leaving their home, they never return, but stick like barnacles to ships' keels,

For where there is a scarcity of money, there lacketh possible good! Being no longer alive, Burns is dead, defunct, and not living; But to remember five score years, is to look back upon a day.

Life is as the fleeting spark from the rotatory wheel of the grinder; While his foot moveth there is light; but blow! and all is darkness. Commend your minds unto candour, and to me let the prize be awarded; Nor scorn angelic Truth, the ripened harvest of my musings.

Let us walk as friends together—you shall have your share of the proceeds,

So that Tuffer be not a stranger at the board that is spread for brothers.

### THE THREE JUDGES.

BY THE REV. CHARTER KING-SLAY, A.M., RECTOR OF EVERESOMANY.

THREE judges went travelling down from the west,

To Sydenham Palace went travelling down;

One looked at the beard which reclined on his breast,

One quoted "Youth's Flight," and one mused on Ay-toun;

For men will write, and critics will judge,

Though for once they say "bravo!" ten times they cry "fudge!"

And six hundred bards be moaning.

Three wives sit, each in her conjugal bower,

And they'll trim their lords when they come to town;

They may look out for squalls and a lachrymal shower,

And for brows which shall be knit-up, rugged, and frown.

For men will dine, and women will weep,

And the best thing to do is to go off to sleep,

When your children's Ma' is moaning!

Three gentlemen stood in the shining Strand,

As the morning gleam 'gan to gild the town,

Two were weeping and wringing each other's hand,

One leant 'gainst the wall in a study brown.

For men are mortal, and mortals will range,

And very good dinners give Sawyer and Strange;

So good-bye to the bard and his moaning!

### MILK AND HONEY.

BY W. M. T.—CK—Y.

A SPOT there is near London city—

And London city is a place,

Which, though sometimes appearing pretty,

Is really loathsome, low, and base—

A spot by flowers and shrubs surrounded,

A flirting-hall, a booth, a mart,

Where little boys in art are grounded,

And bigger men are ground in heart.

The Crystal Palace its nice name is,

And—there, before I scarce can speak,

I feel the burning blush of shame is

Enervating my honest cheek!

For, truth to tell, this Crystal Palace,

Nor crystal, nor palatial shows,

The poison drains into the chalice,—

The viper licks beneath the rose!

Ah, brother! do you thus deceive me!

And yet, old honest rogue, you're right!

I know the world would not believe me,

Unless I told it Day was Night.

I show the vices which besmire you,

The slime with which you're covered o'er,

Strip off each rag from female virtue,

And drag to light each festering sore.

All men alive are rogues and villains,

All women drabs, all children cursed;

I tell them this, and draw their shillin's;

The highest pay when treated worst.

I sneer at every human feeling,

Which truth suggests, or good men praise;

Then, tongue within my cheek concealing,

Write myself "Cynic"—for it pays!

Ah me! thus can the skilful wizard

At human nature safely scoff,

So semi-natural is my vizard,

You can't tell when 'tis on or off!

So let us pray, where'er we may be,

That the world's word, in justice can,

When falls the curtain on our play, be

"He lived and died a gentleman." \*

### ODE TO BURNS.

BY PAUL FUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

Wi' Walpole fou, in ingle ken,

Nae bairn to nape his cutty pen,

O'wr gudeman Pope's ain tappit-hen

Fra' gillum-poddy;

Wi' Cooke and Murray, brow gude men,

Go, flick your doddie!

(This beautiful and characteristic ode is unfinished. Mr. Funningham, after three weeks' labour, had proceeded so far, when he was called out to dine with the Strawberry-Hill Pepper-Casters, an antiquarian and convivial club, and has since declined to proceed with his work.—*L. at C.*)

"IN ENGLAND," says the astute "Gazette de France," "any man has a right to leave his shop or workshop and assume the command of a vessel. Captains who possess certificates do exist, but they form an exception."

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR has dismissed, with costs, a bill filed by Mr. Napier, author of the "Life of Montrose," against Mr. Grant, for having copied his book, in a work on the same subject.

PRINCE LOUIS-LUCIEN BONAPARTE has been named member of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. The academy has also conferred this distinction on Baron de Brunnow, Russian Minister in London, and on other eminent personages.

\* The author would appear, in the flow of his generous emotion, to have forgotten his original subject.—*L. at C.*

## NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE value of the interesting and important collection of portraits now being exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery, Great George Street, Westminster, would be much enhanced by their being placed in chronological order. It has been suggested that those of each century, or, better still, of each reign (a division with which our histories have made every one familiar), might with advantage be grouped together, and certainly some such arrangement ought to be adopted without delay. The Gallery contains altogether fifty-seven pictures, of which upwards of twenty have been presented to the trustees by private individuals. Thus, in 1856, when the project of forming the collection, at the national expense, first received the sanction of Parliament, Lord Ellesmere gave the Chondos Shakspeare, which he had previously purchased at the Stowe sale for 335 guineas; and soon afterwards the trustees obtained, as gifts, portraits of Wilberforce (by Lawrence); of Stothard, the painter; Perceval, the minister; Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons;" Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs;" General Wolfe (a characteristic likeness, though evidently taken long before Wolfe was a general); Wright of Derby (a painter well-known in the Midland Counties); Nollicens, the sculptor, leaning on the bust of Fox; Robert Burns, painted by Nasmyth; Admiral Roseawen, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c.

As might naturally be expected, the best portraits are those which the trustees have purchased. Many of the presentation pictures are works of high merit, but others, again, would doubtless not be in the gallery if the trustees had had to buy them. It must be remembered, too, that meritorious execution is not considered a matter of primary importance. It has been wisely determined that the two great points to be considered, are whether a portrait be an authentic likeness of the original, and whether the original be a person of sufficient importance to be admitted in effigy to a gallery of illustrious portraits. "The rule which the trustees lay down to themselves, in either making purchases or receiving presents," says the report, "is to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist;" and in another place it is stated that they will admit "any portrait which may be valuable as illustrating the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the country." Of the portraits bought by the trustees, one of the most remarkable is that of Sir Walter Raleigh, in connection with which the author of the catalogue gives the following information, extracted from Aubrey's letters:—"In the great parlour at Dowton, at Mr. Raleigh's, is a good piece of Sir Walter in a white satin doublet. . . . He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceedingly high forehead, long-faced and sour-ric-lidded, a kind of piggee-eie." The portraits of the painters, Opie, Wilkie, and Reynolds—each executed by himself—were also purchased by the trustees; and among the other pictures acquired by them, we may mention portraits of Iretton the Puritan general, of Cardinal Wolsey (said to be beyond doubt authentic), of Clive, and of Captain Cook. Iretton's portrait suggests what has before been proposed, that to the collection in Great George Street should be added the collection now so utterly out of place in the British Museum. Both belong to the nation, and why should not the nation, for once in a way, do what any sensible private individual would do under the same circumstances? The portrait of Reynolds, we may mention, is the one which Northcote engraved as a frontispiece to the biography of the great painter. "Captain Cook" is the work of John Webber, who accompanied the commander on his celebrated voyage. Sir Joshua Reynolds's likeness of Chambers, the architect, will be noticed as a fine painting of a fine head. "Elizabeth Carter," the English Madame Dacier, is not a very pleasing study, though drawn in crayons by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Infinitely more interesting is Sir Peter Lely's "Neil Gwynne," with her bright eyes, her fair transparent complexion, shaded by an abundance of light-brown curls, her full red lips, her delicate chin, her slender wrist, and her hand small almost to deformity. In the same room is the dark-eyed, fair-haired, thoroughly aristocratic face of the Countess Grammont, well named "La Belle Hamilton." William Powlett, first Marquis of Winchester, is painted in the early German style; old Dr. Parr (by Dawe, who went back to St. Petersburg with Alexander I., and painted the marshals and generals now to be seen in the picture gallery of the Winter Palace) is being sent down to posterity in a night-cap and dressing-gown. The portrait of the Princess Charlotte (also by Dawe) is remarkable, as being the first one painted from the life; it is said to be an excellent likeness. When we have mentioned the Right Hon. William Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament (painter unknown), we shall have concluded our list of the most interesting portraits purchased by the trustees. We lately saw in the hands of a dealer an undoubted portrait of the Lady Arabella Stuart, which ought not to escape the attention of the committee.

Our notice of the National Portrait Gallery has been as confused as the collection itself is at the present moment. But when we see Sir Walter Raleigh, Neil Gwynne, Dr. Parr, and Captain Cook together in one room, and Theodore Hooke between Cardinal Wolsey and Fox of martyrological celebrity in another, we have really no alternative but to abandon order and method, and speak of the pictures as we find them.

MR. CHARLES PLOWDEN has retired from public service. Mr. Plowden has served in the Board of Control for upwards of forty years, having been appointed by the late Mr. Canning in 1818.

THE GOVERNOR OF ANTIGUA is extremely unpopular, and a memorial has been forwarded to England, signed by many of the principal inhabitants of the island, begging his recall.

THE REVEREND DR. WALL, Vice-Provost of Dublin University, has given the sum of £2,000 towards the formation of five scholarships, of £20 per annum each, for the encouragement of Semitic learning, and for promoting the inquiry already instituted into the original state of the text of the Hebrew Bible.

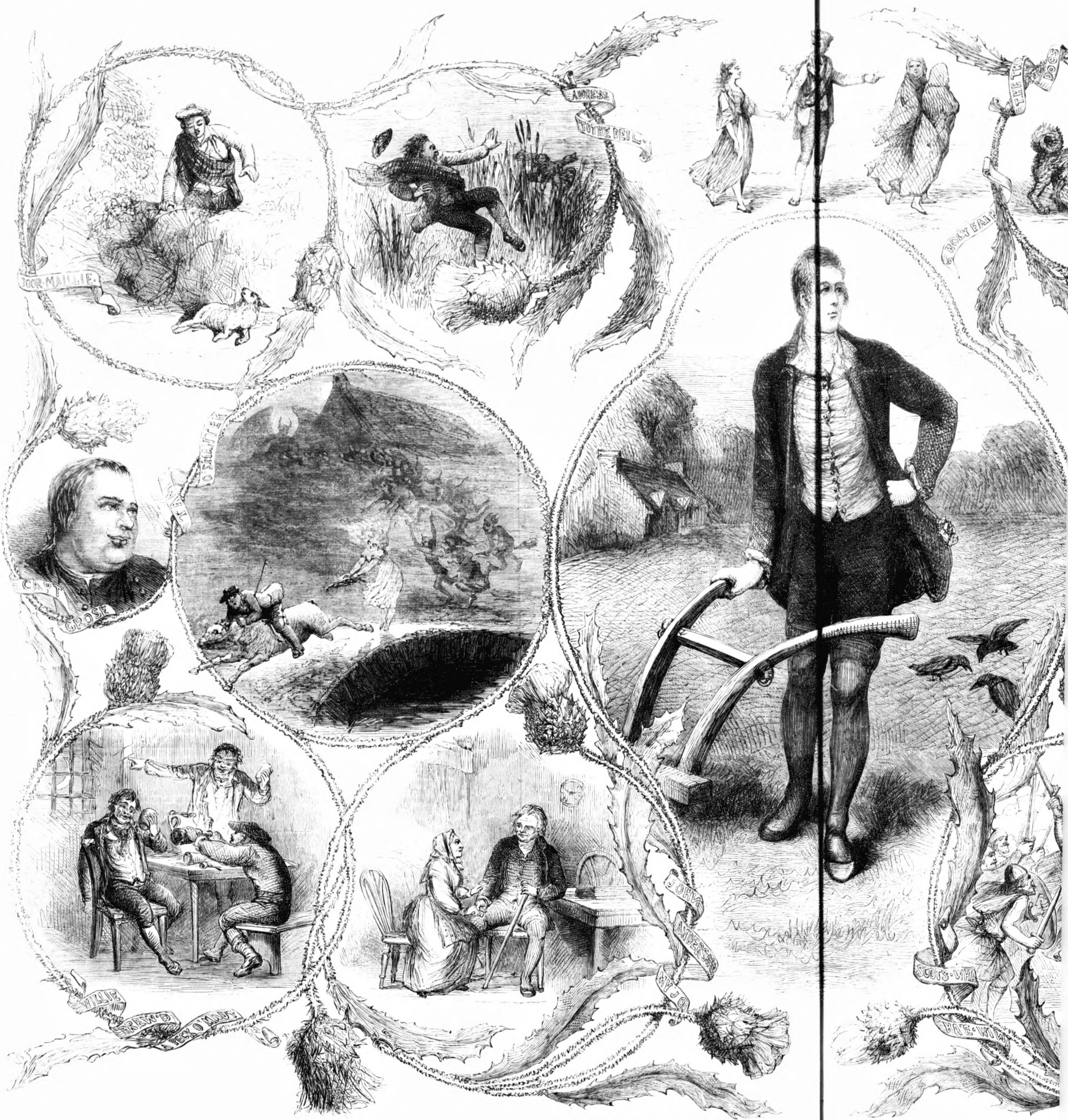
A DEPUTATION FROM THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY had an interview on Tuesday with Sir E. B. Lytton on the Jamaica Immigration Bill. They strongly argued against the alleged necessity for the introduction of immigrants into the West India Islands.

THE EARL OF STANHOPE, Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, has resigned his seat at the University Commission Board, on the ground that his other engagements will not permit him to leave London and attend its meetings in Edinburgh.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY EXPENSES.—On the 9th of November, 1855, when Mr. Alderman Salomons took the civic chair for the year ensuing, the expenses of the procession and banquet amounted to £3,055; of this gross total the direct cost £1,175. This, however, does not include wine, which amounted to £108 17s. 7d. Champagne makes the largest item among the wines, the charge being £127 16s. 9d. for 405 bottles. The gross amount of £3,055 was apportioned for payment as follows:—Lord Mayor, £1,427 10s.; Mr. Alderman and (then) Sheriff Kennedy, £713 15s.; Mr. Alderman and (then) Sheriff Rose, £713 15s. The City Lands Committee contributed cash £200, and thus the feast was paid for. It is a popular idea that the "city," that is, the corporation, pays for all the civic festivities, but that is a popular fallacy.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.—In the Court of Chancery, on Friday week, the Lord-Chancellor and the Lords-Justices dismissed the appeal from the Vice-Chancellor's decision, in the case of the Royal British Bank and Mr. Nicol, whom it was endeavoured to have placed on the list of contributors. Mr. Nicol's representation was, that he took his shares under false and fraudulent representations, published in a report of the directors in December, 1854, also in a circular letter from the directors in March, 1855, and by the importunities of Mr. Alderman Kennedy, one of the directors; and, also, that he had ceased to be liable, from having completed the transfer of his shares to Cameron, the general manager of the bank. The Lord-Chancellor, in giving his decision, ruled, that if the directors publicly issued fraudulent representations by means of false reports in the newspapers, which they circulated through the country, or by other means, and thus deceived the public, a stranger who took shares, relying upon those false representations, must either submit to them, or go against the directors, as one for the public. Mr. Nicol's case, he said, fell short of that, and he had not, moreover, repudiated his bargain, but, on the contrary, had received his dividend, by which he had estopped himself from saying anything about the fraud. With regard to the transfer, his Lordship ruled that there was no doubt but that the consent of the directors having been obtained, it was bona fide completed, and that at the stoppage of the affairs of the bank, Mr. Nicol had ceased to be a shareholder. Upon the application of a counsel for the respondent, the costs of Mr. Nicol were ordered to be paid out of the estate, as were also those of the official manager. Several similar cases are bound by this decision.





PORTRAIT OF BURNS, FROM THE PICTURE BY NASMYTH.

WITH SCENES FROM THE POET'S WORKS.







## THE BURNS COMMEMORATION.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns was commemorated at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, in a manner that must have flattered the pride of the crowds of Scotchmen then and there assembled. For, as might have been expected, half the crowd that thronged at the railway station from the earliest practicable hour were compatriots of the deceased bard. Great and eager as was the concourse, however, it was safely and speedily landed at the Sydenham platform to a man, and at an unusually early hour the interior of the Palace presented all the crowd and bustle of a fair. This illusion was strengthened by the stalls with which the nave was lined, and all of which offered for sale appropriate souvenirs of the poet. At one might be had, for a trifling sum, a complete edition of his works; and at another neat little busts in Parian. Mr. Hayes, the superintendent of the Fine Arts department, had extemporised under the great orchestra a "court of the poets," all the decorations of which had more or less reference to the business of the day. The "court" took the form of a semicircular architectural screen of classical design, supported by pillars in coloured marbles, and surmounted by an elaborate cornice, upon which rested, at regular intervals, well-executed busts of the poets from whom Burns may have received some of his early inspiration, who were contemporary with him, or whose early dawn might have opened on his sad, though glorious, sunset. At one extremity the sharp features of the sage of Ferny peered maliciously forward, at the other the mild features of Alfieri presented themselves in marked contrast. Within was a goodly row, including the large massive features of Wordsworth as Wordsworth was in his prime; the small, rather weak, head of Campbell; the sensual features of Moore; and the Phidian lineaments of Byron. There were also Coleridge and Scott, Cowper and Shelley, a goodly catalogue of illustrious men, but yesterday, as it were, alive and practising their divine art amongst us—to-day but a name, as far removed from the busy world which stood in crowds gazing at their "counterfeit presentments" as was Burns himself, whose bust, of heroic proportions, and having a column and a pedestal to itself, occupied a distinguishing central position in front of the court. This bust, the work of Mr. Calder Marshall, was much admired, and was strikingly like the well-known Nasmyth portrait, which is admitted to be the most correct likeness of the poet extant. In the wall of the court were a great number of little panels framed and glazed, and within them were arranged such relics as the directors of the company had been able to bring together. There was the Nasmyth portrait itself, bearing on its front intrinsic evidence of its fidelity. It is true that not one amongst the crowds which surrounded this interesting "kit-cat" could have vouched for its resemblance to Robert Burns, but any one could have sworn that it was the likeness of a true poet, so bright and deep was the eye, so fine and ideal the forehead, so musical, so to speak, the general arrangement of the features. There was another portrait, known as the Taylor portrait, but it was "of the earth, earthy," and did not seem as if it had been taken for the same individual. In some of the panels were pages from poor Burns's account book, in which the gains of his earlier works were carefully summed up. This was the poet's ledger, and a great curiosity it was. Then, in another frame, was preciously preserved the rough draft of one of his ballads, and it told of the facility with which he composed, there being only two words—short words—altered in five verses of four lines each. Few of Moore's Melodies exceeded these dimensions, and yet he himself confesses that he kept some of them by him for five or six weeks, polishing and altering every day. "Scots wha hae," the finest war-song that ever was written, sprung as it were complete from the head of the ploughman-poet; he composed it as he rode along a dark wintry road, and when it was taken down it went to the printer's without a single alteration. But it was an inspiration, and an inspiration cannot be improved. There was, too, the old desk upon which he had written during his life, and there was Burns's commission in the service of his sovereign as an excise-man. In another case were two locks of hair, one light brown, taken from the ploughman's head in youth; the other silver gray, the contribution of "Jean Armour," when near the close of her earthly pilgrimage. Very small and insignificant objects they were both, hardly to be seen until you got up close to the glass, and yet nothing was looked at with more intense interest. There was also a large picture of Burns' installation as laureate to a masonic lodge in Edinburgh, which was interesting as marking the time and the place when the poor fellow began to be beset with the temptations which ruined him at last. The whole of these relics were objects of intense curiosity, being surrounded by thousands of persons during the day.

At twelve o'clock the great organ pealed forth a strain of appropriate music, and a curtain being suddenly let fall, the whole of the poet's court and its precious contents were at once disclosed to the company. A loud cheer resounded through the building, and immediately the boys' band of the Caledonian Asylum played an inspiring Scottish air. From that moment until two o'clock, when the regular concert began, the sound of national airs might be heard in every corner. The young Caledonians seemed to be omnipresent, and their zeal left nothing to be desired; indeed it was with difficulty they could be restrained during the very few moments which were occupied by Mr. Phelps in reading the prize poem. Then there were relays of pipers, and a military band, so that nothing was wanting in the way of appropriate accessories to the festival. In the concert a Mr. MacDavitt made a creditable first appearance, and Misses Dolby, Lizzy Stuart, Ransford, and Madame Poma, were enthusiastically applauded in their ballads. Miss Stuart wore, with good taste and discretion, a very elegant tartan dress, and the compliment was fully appreciated by the audience.

After the first portion of the concert, preparations were at once commenced for reading the poem, and it is needless to add that this was a moment of great excitement and expectation. Mr. Grove appeared upon the platform holding a mysterious packet, and received a distinct round of applause. Then the workmen proceeded to cover the front rail with scarlet cloth, which, when properly extended, showed in the centre the word "Silence," printed in large white letters. This was the signal for a general laugh, but the hint was at once taken and obeyed. Then Mr. Phelps came forward and had a hearty recognition, which was succeeded by a death-like silence as he proceeded to open the large letter, which had been with due form handed to him by Mr. Grove. Another moment and he raises his voice—he has been requested to announce that the author of the successful poem is "Isa Craig, of Ranelagh Street, Fimlico." Now there is a general buzz and universal surprise. Professor Aytoun had been the favourite, and "Isa Craig" was entirely a "dark horse." "Who is Isa Craig?" "Is it a man or a woman?" "Is he here?" and a thousand similar observations, ran round like lightning. Then the outsiders got boisterous, they had heard but indistinctly, and were clamorous for a placard. The fortunate poet of Fimlico had a dozen names in as many minutes, until at last the placard appeared, order was restored, and the reading began. We give the poem entire; it is not long, and it is altogether excellent:—

## THE PRIZE POEM.

WE hail, this morn,  
A century's noblest birth;  
A Poet peasant-born,  
Who more of Fame's immortal dower  
Unto his country brings,  
Than all her Kings!

As lamps high set  
Upon some earthly eminence,—  
And to the gazer brighter thence  
Than the sphere-lights they flout,—  
Dwindle in distance and die out,  
While no star waneth yet;  
So through the past's far-reaching night,  
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy,—  
With moods of sadness and of mirth,  
Quick tears and sudden joy,—  
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.  
His father's toil he shares;  
But half his mother's cares  
From his dark searching eyes,  
Too swift to sympathise,  
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,  
His father calls him to the field;  
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,  
Chill rain and harvest heat,  
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,  
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;  
To what else was he born?

The God-made King  
Of every living thing  
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);  
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,—  
Gifted to understand!—  
Knew it and sought his hand;  
And the most timorous creature had not fled,  
Could she his heart have read,  
Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and sheltered.

To Nature's feast,—  
Who knew her noblest guest  
And entertain'd him best,—  
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east  
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,  
And pour'd her pure joy-wines  
For him, the poet-soul'd.  
For him her anthem roll'd,  
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,  
Down to the slenderest note  
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins  
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,  
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight.  
And with its mortal foes—  
Grim gathering hosts of sorrow and of sins—  
Each human soul must close,  
And Fame her trumpet blow  
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state;  
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate,  
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,  
Hard-pressed and wounded fall  
Forsaken on the field;  
His regal vestments soil'd;  
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;  
He is a King for all.  
Had he but stood aloof!  
Had he array'd himself in armour proof  
Against temptation's darts!  
So yearn the good;—so those the world calls wise,  
With vain presumptuous hearts,  
Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-woe  
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;  
Tears have not ceased to flow;  
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,  
To think,—above that noble soul brought low,  
That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd—  
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!  
That heart of harmony  
Had been too rudely rent;  
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,  
By no hand could be tun'd,  
Save by the maker of the instrument,  
Its every string who knew,  
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love  
His country fain would prove,  
By grateful honours lavish'd on his grave;  
Would fain redeem her blame  
That he so little at her hands can claim,  
Who unrewarded gave  
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod  
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;  
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod  
That could his song engage.  
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd  
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung  
While some sweet plaint he breath'd;  
The streams he wander'd near;  
The maidens whom he lov'd; the songs he sung;—  
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—  
Arch but for love's disguise—  
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;  
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main  
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,  
Lighten with it their toils;  
And sister lands have learn'd to love the tongue  
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not Song,  
To the whole world belong!  
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,  
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,  
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,  
A heritage to all?

Many passages were interrupted by applause, and among others the sixth strophe, the eighth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth. The termination was followed by deafening shouts of applause, and repeated calls for the author, which last were so obstinately persisted in that Mr. Bowley, the general manager, was compelled to come forward and protest. "It is," said the zealous and able functionary, "the wish of the directors as well as of yourselves, to have the lady here." A voice "Lady?"—Answer—"Yes, Lady;" "but you must be aware that we cannot bring her here. I hope, therefore, you will allow the concert to proceed." The logic of this appeal proved irresistible; and the second part of the concert began. It was not very successful. To the National Anthem, an occasional stanza was added by Mr. T. Oliphant—

"Long live her daughter fair,  
Lov'd wife of Prussia's heir,  
And future Queen.  
On this, their wedding day,  
Sing we a joyful lay;  
God bless them both, we pray,  
God bless the Queen!"

In all Burns's songs—except "John Anderson, my Jo," which Miss Dolby sang without accompaniment and to perfection—the visitors were expected to join. Their zeal, however, was by no means great; and yet, if it is true, as we heard, that the whole "1,700" forming the

metropolitan contingent of the Handel Festival Chorus were scattered among them, they would not have lacked solid and sonorous support.

We were informed that the second poem, which narrowly escaped being first, was the work of a youth named Myers, who is not more than fifteen years old.

## THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

When the first note of preparation for commemorating the birth of Robert Burns was sounded in the north, it was taken up by the Caledonian Society of London with characteristic warmth, and preparations were made to do all honour to the memory of the poet. The largest room of the London Tavern was fixed upon as the place of meeting, and there, accordingly, a very numerous and respectable company of ladies and gentlemen sat down on Tuesday to dinner. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and insignia of various kinds. Behind the chair was a framed likeness of Burns by Nasmyth, and several very interesting relics of the poet were exhibited by Mr. W. Chambers of Edinburgh, who appeared as one of a deputation from the body of gentlemen by whom the centenary festival was got up in Edinburgh.

The chair was occupied by Mr. R. Marshall, the president of the Caledonian Society, and among the gentlemen present were:—Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. William Chambers, Professor Masson, Dr. W. B. Hodgson, Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A., Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Major Adair, Captain Adair, Lieutenant Malcolmson, Major Leith, Mr. A. Macleure, Mr. R. Hepburn, Mr. F. Carew, Dr. McLaren, Rev. W. H. Gray, &c. The dinner embraced some favourite Scottish dishes, among which appeared a huge haggis, sent from the neighbourhood of Kirk Alloway, "warm, reekin', rich." During dinner the company were soled with the sounds of the bagpipe, and when it is mentioned that not fewer than five pipers, blowing night and main, marched at one time round the tables, the reader may have some idea of the harmony that prevailed. Speeches were delivered by Mr. Hepburn, Mr. Charles Knight, and Mr. W. Chambers.

## DINNER AT THE GUILDHALL COFFEE HOUSE.

Upwards of 100 gentlemen dined together at the Guildhall Coffee-house, Cheapside, on Tuesday. Mr. Hannay was in the chair. In a very able and characteristic speech, he proposed "The Memory of Robert Burns," whose many sterling qualities and few failings he compared to a rich field of corn—wherein a few weeds had grown up; the gaudy hue of the poppies standing out unduly from the golden hue of the grain. He would speak of him, he said, not only as a poet, but as one of the greatest men that the race of which they were all proud had ever produced. He would not simply look upon him as a man of letters, but as a great Scotchman; as a creation of the history of Scotland, and as himself a part of it. It had been suggested by some writers on the subject of the centenary meeting that nothing should be said about Burns's life and character; but he (Mr. Hannay) contended that there was nothing in the whole course of Burns's biography of which they should be ashamed. Burns's heart was good; his head was good; his principles were good; he displayed fidelity to his friends, and both kindness and affection towards his equals. Very few men that ever had been known could be compared with him. Several other toasts followed—one proposed in admirable terms by Mr. Austin, the cooper; another, "The Literature of Scotland," by Mr. J. G. Edgar, who, in a forcible and glowing speech, marshalled forth the long roll of Scottish authors, particularly dwelling upon the genius of David Hume and Walter Scott.

## THE BANQUETS IN SCOTLAND.

In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and indeed in almost every town and hamlet in Scotland, enthusiastic demonstrations took place. The details of these we must leave to our northern contemporaries; simply recording the fact, that no occasion in the memory of man drew forth a greater degree of enthusiasm in all places, than the celebration of Burns's centenary birthday.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Of the engravings we publish in reference to the commemoration, the larger one, illustrative of scenes in Burns's songs, needs no description. The scenes in the other page we may thus describe briefly. The upper engraving represents the cottage in which the poet was born; it was built by his father. Lower to the left, we have Burns's farm of Mossgiel. Below that, Alloway Kirk; then the poet's monument on the banks of the Doon, the grotto, and his punch-bowl. Proceeding upward, we have Lincluden Abbey, a favourite resort of Burns during his residence at Dumfries; the tomb of his Highland Mary at Greenock; and lastly, the poet's farm at Ellisland;—no, not lastly, there is the centre picture, representing the famous Brig o' Doon.

For these scenes we are indebted to photographs by Mr. Cramp, the London Stereoscopic Company, and to Messrs. Chambers's admirable "Life of Burns."

## BURNS'S ORITARY.

The following is copied from the "Glasgow Courier," of Tuesday, 26th of July, 1796:—

"On the 21st inst. died, at Dumfries, after a lingering illness, the celebrated Robert Burns. His poetical compositions, distinguished equally by the force of native humour, by the warmth and tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, will remain a lasting monument of the vigour and the versatility of a mind guided only by the lights of nature and the inspiration of genius. The public, to whose amusement he has so largely contributed, will learn with regret that his extraordinary endowments were accompanied with frailties which rendered him useless to himself and family. The last months of his short life were spent in sickness and indigence, and his widow, with five infant children, and the hourly expectation of a sixth, is now left without any resource but what she may hope from the regard due to the memory of her husband. A subscription for the widow and children of poor Burns is immediately to be set on foot, and there is little doubt of its being an ample one."

"Actuated by the regard which is due to the shade of such a genius, his remains were interred on Monday last, the 25th of July, with military honours and every suitable respect. The corpse having been previously conveyed to the Town Hall of Dumfries, remained there till the following ceremony took place:—The military there, consisting of the Cinque Port Cavalry and the Angus-shire Fencibles, having handsomely tendered their services, lined the streets on both sides to the burial-ground. The Royal Dumfries Volunteers—of which he was a member—in uniform, with crapes on their left arm, supported the bier; a party of that corps, appointed to perform the military obsequies, moving in slow, solemn time to the 'Dead March in Saul,' which was played by the military band, preceded in mournful array, with arms reversed. The principal part of the inhabitants and neighbourhood, with a number of particular friends of the bard, from remote parts, followed in procession; the great bells of the churches tolling at intervals. Arrived at the churchyard-gate, the funeral party, according to the rules of that exercise, formed two lines, and leaned their heads on their forelocks, pointed to the ground. Through this space the corpse was carried. The party drew up alongside the grave, and, after the interment, fired three volleys over it. The whole ceremony presented a solemn, grand, and affecting spectacle, and accorded with the general regret for the loss of a man whose like we shall scarce see again."

## EPITAPH.

"Consigned to earth, here rests the lifeless clay,  
Which once a vital spark from heaven inspired;  
The lamp of genius shone full bright as day,  
Then left the world to mourn its light retired.  
While beams that splendid orb which lights the spheres—  
While mountain streams descend to swell the main—  
While changeful seasons mark the rolling years—  
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain!"

BURNS' PUNCHBOWL AND PISTOLS.—Burns's punchbowl—of Inverary marble—was bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Mr. Archibald Hastie, M.P. for Paisley. The pistols which Burns provided himself with when honoured with a commission as his Majesty's gauger, have just been presented to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries (Edinburgh), by Bishop Gillis.

THE ATTORNEYS practising in the Bristol County Court appeared last week for the first time in professional robes. The change will have the salutary effect of distinguishing regular practitioners from certain individuals known as "agents," who have been permitted to exercise the functions of advocate in certain cases.



## Literature.

*The Path of Roses.* By FREDERICK GREENWOOD. With Illustrations by Birket Foster, John Leech, Noel Humphreys, James Danby, Harrison Weir, &c., &c. London: C. H. Clarke.

It is the perfection of an editor to be able to tell a good thing in his own way, the perfection of a reviewer to be able to tell a thing in an *édition de luxe*. The present volume has been a trial to the present critic. Here you have a *Path of Roses*, with illustrations to match, upon creamy vellum paper with gold-besprinkled borders, all bound up in the Alhambra Court, inlaid with a Chiswick Flower-show. For several minutes after setting eyes upon it, we could think of nothing but dainty bits of verse, chiefly this of Tennyson—

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
Now winks the gold in the porphyry font;  
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me!"

Nor upon opening it—after a long struggle with doubts whether it would not change into something fresh, like a Beverley splendour in a Lyceum spectacle, or mount away like a butterfly, leaving a powdery down on the finger—was the case much mended. The delicacy of the printing, and the seductive smoothness of the paper, had something about them so enervating, so Paphian, that to be set down to criticise the book, really seemed like being set to repeat surgically upon the queen of Love herself—with an eye to an insurance upon her life, perhaps.

It is our habit when we are in a difficulty to turn to "Shakspeare," instead of writing to the editor of the "Family Herald," or consulting a friend. Fortunately for our professional reputation, we opened him now at the casket-scene in the "Merchant of Venice," and lighted upon Bassanio's well-known remark—

"The world is still deceived with ornament."

Upon which a dark suspicion arose in our bosom. "Ah!" thought we, "we are befooled! This Greenwood shall suffer for his bribery and corruption! A mere confectionery author, depend. We'll rife his 'Path of Roses' for him;" and, tearing the leaves open, "Chapter I. Umbrellas to Mend," brought us up short with a surprise.

To open a tale with "Umbrellas to Mend" is not the confectionery teller; for, by the way, the "Path of Roses" is a story. You cannot read twenty lines without being struck by the hearty human grip of the facts of life which distinguishes your author. His human nature is, assuredly, no *édition de luxe*. He hands you the old household volume of the common heart, which he who runs may read. Here and there he will make you pause over a passage you would, by yourself, be likely to skip, and will bring out the hidden meaning, or add a marginal comment which will make you start, by a certain subtlety of suggestion which—though the author is evidently no puritan—reminds you of the awful quips and turns of the real old puritan divines, and the great old puritan romancer of Bedford jail. If this man were to "experience religion" (as Longfellow's Billy Withered called it), he would write a "Pilgrim's Progress," and show you how "there is a way to the Pit even from the very gate of Heaven." As it is, in fact, an occasional breath of sulphur steals along this "Path of Roses," in a way which a little disquiets you till you have recognised your author for what he is. Mr. Greenwood is essentially a humourist; grotesque contrast is the law of his mental associations: at any cost he gives you both sides of the medal. If we were to say he is a cockney cousin of Jean Paul, with a streak of Charles Lamb, and a streak of Charles Dickens, diluted with a little melodious John Bunyan—we should say so in the worst style of spasmodic criticism, and for which we should deserve to be kicked; and yet it would convey a good deal of the truth. At all events the "Path of Roses" is a powerful bit of poetic melo-drama.

The story we shall not tell. If the author had left us in a mind to criticise his telling of it, we should apply the observation of Coleridge about "Faust"—that it is too much in the shape of a series of magic lantern slides. However, it begins with Old Umbrellas in Blackfriars on a wet night, and winds up with a hinted story of a pistol wadded with a baby's shoe in a western prairie. Between these two points there are as many "magic-lantern slides" of the thing called human nature as would make the literary fortunes of a hundred professors of the art of "construction"; the scenes of treachery, and temptation, and sorrow, are relieved by frequent touches of the love of women, the innocence of children and the mystical beauty of nature; whatever bitterness of pain there may be, a taste of the after-all-inextinguishable sweetness of life is never denied to you for long together.

It is very difficult to give extracts which will fairly represent the book; but we will venture upon one or two. First, let us take

A PASSIONATE BEAUTY AND THE SUNSET.

"It is a fine autumn evening, golden and still; and the stillness and the golden haze have flooded into all the corners of the house. The wind rocks sleepily in the two trees; and the leaves rustle sad, and take counsel with bated breath; for may not this be the harbinger of the greater winds that shall tear them away? Soft scents come floating in through the open windows, exiring as they come, and then lie heavily out upon the air. Did the swallows come floating in too, it would have surprised nobody. Aurelie would still sit rapt, drooping her heavy lids over the rocking trees. There was much in harmony between the evening and the lady, as I have now to introduce her after seven years, their changes and events. The night seemed to mingle with Aurelie Maberly, and Aurelie Maberly with the night. To both belonged the same broad, out-looking quiet, and the firm mouth. It is the Spring that comes with parted lips; the lips of Summer approach only because they are so ripe; but the lips of Autumn are never closed in a thin and graven line, like Aurelie's. If the trees waved moodily, the braided masses of Aurelie's hair were moody too, and scarce answered to the breeze. In the west were glorious clouds, only a little lurid, sinking on a bar of quicksand darkness; higher—soft velvet ether, traversed by great shafts of gold, like a weaver's beam; far below were the nether clouds, pitch-black, though small and few, and surely tracking down the glories of the day.

"All this was reflected in Aurelie's countenance, in that wonderful fitness of things which makes of the whole universe one great analogy. Her beauty, now approaching its zenith, was of itself just the beauty of sunset—varying with the mood, as sunset varies with the season and the day. Now the day and the mood were one. There were the violet clouds of soft feeling, traversed by the burnished shafts of wit. There were the glorious clouds, which the dark, deep beauty of her womanhood, her proud self-consciousness, shall stand for; and there it sank on quicksand and darkness of dark thought. But, after all, it was in the undefinable air that surrounded her that Aurelie best assimilated with the evening; rich, large, statuesque, melancholy, and brooding the calms of yesterday not more than the passions of to-morrow, or the storms of to-morrow."

Charles, the evil genius (in a double sense) of the narrative, has been whirled into a situation by a "vortex of circumstances." The author, however, propounds

A THEORY OF VORTICES, NOT CARTESIAN.

"We know all about that same 'vortex'; we know how it is made to account, in history, biography, and even in novels, for many passages in people's lives which Christian love itself cannot excuse. Am I a spend-thrift; and profligate?—consider the vortex into which my innocent youth was thrown. Do I defalcate, run away with my neighbour's wife, or thrash my own—get up a reign of terror, turn political economist, vote Providence a bore, or rob the till?—pray remember my vortex. Now there is a vortex in the bowels of the earth, according to the vulgar—but let us get on with the story."

*The Wars of the Roses.* By J. G. EDGAR. London: Kent and Co.

MR. EDGAR has invented a new way of entertaining and instructing children, which is admirable in every respect. After writing for them the "Boydell of Great Men," and "Boy Princes," he has now commenced what we hope is only the first of a series of books, illustrative of the most remarkable periods of English history. We have had enough of "Histories of England for Children"—works which, for the most part, are written in language equally simple and dull. Nor was there any pressing want for a "History of England" in dialogue, or in the catechetical style. Neither was there any urgent necessity for a succession of historical tales, calculated to amuse the juvenile mind to a moderate, and to mislead it to an immoderate extent. But a work, such

as that which Mr. Edgar has just given to the world, was much required, and we foresee that it will be one of the most successful "books for boys" ever published. They will love it and learn from it at the same time—a hitherto unheard-of combination in school-boy studies. And when Mr. Edgar has produced, as we trust he will, such companion volumes to the one before us as will easily suggest themselves, his young readers will go from hero to hero, and epoch to epoch, until, without having suspected it in the least, they will suddenly find out that they possess a very tolerable acquaintance with the history of their native land. Does not the old maxim say, "If you wish to know a thing thoroughly, separate the whole into parts?" Whereas if the History of England, in one huge tome, such as half a dozen volumes the size of "The Wars of the Roses" would make, were laid before boys, it is tolerably certain that not one in a thousand would willingly make its acquaintance at all.

"My object in writing this book for boys," says the author in his preface, "is to furnish them with a narrative of the struggle between York and Lancaster—a struggle which extended over thirty years, deluged England with blood, cost 100,000 lives, emasculated the old nobility, and utterly destroyed the House of Plantagenet!" What boy, after reading that sentence, would not long to go on with the book? And indeed, no period in our history is more romantic than that which Mr. Edgar has described; a period in which, to say nothing of battles and sieges where the noblest and the bravest were engaged, we find at one time a Queen of England a wanderer in the woods; at another, the Duke of Exeter a beggar in Flanders; and at a third, the heir of the Cliffords a shepherd in Cumberland. In his introduction, Mr. Edgar gives a brief but interesting account of the Plantagenets and their origin, and he commences his first chapter with the infancy of Henry VI., "when Katherine de Valois forgot her hero husband, and all dignity for the sake of a Welsh soldier with a handsome person and an imaginary pedigree." Indeed, the subject is treated thoroughly, from the plucking of the roses in the Temple Gardens, and the insurrection of Jack Cade, down to the marriage of Henry of Tudor and Elizabeth of York, when "the knights and nobles of England exhibited their bravery at a grand tournament; the citizens of London feasted and danced; the populace sang songs, and lighted bonfires; the claims of the king of Portugal, the heir of John of Gaunt, and the existence of Edward Plantagenet Earl of Warwick, were conveniently forgotten; and the marriage of a spurious Lancastrian prince, and an illegitimate daughter of York, was celebrated by poets and chroniclers, as the union of the two Roses."

Mr. Edgar likes the White Rose, (the fault of most modern writers on the subject is, that they care for neither), and likes it for excellent reasons. He shows his readers how "Margaret the Anjouite," gradually and deservedly became unpopular, and what indignation was caused by the discovery that Maine and Anjou had been the price of her fair hand. On the other hand, the "Stout Earl" was "animated by all those English sympathies, which, banished from courts and parliaments, still found a home in cottage and in grange." His liberality and munificence are well described in the following words:

"His hospitality knew no bounds. The gate of his mansion in London stood open to all comers; six oxen were usually consumed at a breakfast; no man being sent hungry away; and every lighting-man had the privilege of walking into the kitchen and helping himself to as much meat as could be carried away on the point of a dagger. At the same time thirty thousand persons are said to have feasted daily at the Earl's mansions and castles in various parts of England."

An explanation of the freshness which pervades the whole of Mr. Edgar's book may be found in the fact of his having gone to the original sources for all his facts, instead of laying modern histories under contribution, as an ordinary compiler would have done. The youthful student will get a truer account of Richard and Richmond, and a more vivid description of the battle of Bosworth, from Mr. Edgar than he would obtain from any other historian he is likely to meet with. We may add that many portions of Mr. Edgar's book will be read with advantage by persons of all ages.

*The Cavaliers of Fortune.* By JAMES GRANT. Author of the "Romance of War," &c., &c. With Illustrations. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1859.

THESE Cavaliers of Fortune are not, as young ladies might fancy, curly-headed soldiers, with large private resources, but English, Scotch, and Irish (chiefly the two latter) military adventurers in the service of foreign powers. Sometimes, of course, a man might be a cavalier of fortune in both senses, like our own Walter Savage Landor when he went out soldiering with his own legion in Spain; but every hero in Mr. Grant's very readable volume had the orbal oyster to open with the sword he leased to the stranger. It is a type of character which is dying out, and deserved, we think, that its history should be written better even than Mr. Grant has done it. Mr. Grant says he has been indebted to Michaud's "Biographie Universelle" for "fixing dates." To what French source was he indebted for the sketch of Marshal Clarke, which betrays its origin by the badness of the translation?

We extract an anecdote from the memoir of John Cameron of Fassifern, then fighting in Spain against Napoleon:—

CAMERON AND SOUT.

"Fassifern's regiment formed part of the small force which was left with General Howard to secure Wellington's retreat, by defending the old ruined town of Alba at the passage of the rapid Tormes. There the 50th, 71st, and 92nd made a gallant stand on the 8th of November, 1812. After a long and fatiguing march, and just when about to receive a little ration of dry bread—the first food after three days of starvation—the appearance of the whole pursuing French army under Joseph Bonaparte, summoned the brigade to man the old and shattered walls of Alba—a relic of the Moorish wars—while the sappers undermined the bridge of the Tormes. Two green hills overlooked the town and river. Between these and the wall, within pistol-shot of the 92nd Highlanders, a French staff-officer, mounted on a white charger, had the temerity to ride leisurely reconnoitring, and followed by an orderly on foot. Twenty Highlanders levelled their muskets to shoot this daring fellow, but the chivalric Cameron cried aloud:—

"Recover your arms there! I will by no means permit an individual to be fired on!"

"This officer who acted so boldly, and thus escaped so narrowly, proved to be no other than Marshal Soult, who, in ten minutes after, ordered eighteen pieces of cannon up to the heights, from whence they poured 1,300 rounds of shot and shell on the brave brigade of Howard. This was endured until the 13th, by which time Cameron lost forty-two men killed and wounded."

"The Cavaliers of Fortune" is brisk, easy reading, and will be a favourite book with elder boys.

*A Manual of the Philosophy of Voice and Speech.* By JAMES HUNT. London: Longmans.

MR. HUNT'S principal object in publishing this work was "to furnish the reader with a succinct account of the leading opinions and essential facts bearing upon the philosophy of voice and speech as applied to the art of speaking." The oratorical art is the chief subject of the book; but the study of elocution is closely connected with that of language, and in analysing the English tongue, one is naturally led to consider its origin and formation, and, if so, why not the origin and formation of those out of which it has sprung? Once on the subject of philology, the transition to ethnology is easy, and it is difficult to understand why Mr. Hunt stops at ethnology, which suggests the effect of climate, religion, conquest, intermixture, and a hundred other influences on the various races which people the globe. About half of Mr. Hunt's book, though bearing undoubtedly upon the philosophy of speech, is only connected in the remotest manner with the philosophy "of voice and speech, as applied to the art of speaking." We do not complain of this superabundance of information, for there is not an uninteresting or uninteresting chapter in the volume. But in giving our readers an account of the work, we feel it necessary to state that it is not merely a handbook to public speaking, but something more. Viewed without reference to the special utility of the whole to public speakers, Mr. Hunt's manual can only be spoken of in terms of praise. The chapters on the nervous system, the organs of articulation, the production of sound, &c., have not much more to do with oratory than the manufacture of pianofortes has with pianoforte-playing; but, as we

said of those devoted to philology and ethnology, they serve to interest and inform the general reader; and, after all, a mere list of directions for the management of the voice, together with a few oratorical precepts, would have formed but a poor, dry volume.

Like everything Mr. Hunt has written, the "Philosophy of Voice and Speech" abounds in anecdotes. He is never at a loss for a popular illustration or an amusing story with which to enliven the subject and engage the reader. Those inestimable persons who care nothing about the origin of language will still be amused to hear that M. Dupont, a French author, spent many years in studying the vocabulary of animals, and that he pretended to understand twelve pigeon words, twelve cock-and-hen words, twenty-two cattle words, thirteen dog words, fourteen cat words, and that he believed he quite comprehended the language of rooks. The stories of talking dogs (including one canine prodigy who used to ask for *café, chocolat, &c.*) will also entertain them, and they will be gratified to find that Colombat thought he had succeeded in giving the correct musical notation of various human cries, such, for instance, as the cry caused by the application of the cautery, the cry from the application of the knife in surgical operations, the cry proceeding from emotion, the cry caused by sudden danger, &c. It appears from this absurd attempt to set shrieks to music, that a person who is burnt sings first C, then E; a cut from a surgeon's knife makes the patient to leap an entire octave, from G in the treble to G above the line, and so on. Mr. Hunt should have told his readers, that speaking and shrieking have no more to do with singing, than walking and kicking have with dancing; and that musical notation is powerless to record speech or utterance of any kind, in which regular musical intervals are not observed. When a man running for his life dances, a man cut with a knife may be expected to sing; but, according to actual experience, the steps of a fugitive cannot be described in *glissades*, nor can the shrieks of a wounded man be represented by the notes of Guido d'Arezzo. Mr. Hunt tells us that speech and song-voice chiefly differ in this respect: "that in speaking, the voice does not rest long enough on any note, and as the vibrations therefore reach the ear at unequal intervals, the mind is unable to appreciate them as a musical note; while, in singing, the voice rests sufficiently long on any musical note for the ear to be struck by vibrations, which succeed each other at distinct intervals." But an accomplished *bravura*-singer, in executing a *cadenza*, will sing sixteen notes or more during the time that a slow speaker would take to say "Good-night," so that the duration of each individual sound cannot have anything to do with the difference between speaking and singing. Mr. Hunt is equally at fault when he afterwards informs us that "speaking also differs from singing, that in the latter the transitions from one note to another are more frequent." By "note" we presume the writer means sound, for no one talks in "notes." So far, however, from the transitions in speaking being few, the voice changes—almost imperceptibly, it is true, but changes, nevertheless—with each successive syllable that is uttered. In saying "good-night," pronounce both words in precisely the same tone, and you will in fact not be saying them at all, but singing or chanting them. A similar experiment with any word or number of words, will give a similar result; whereas, in singing, a note may be repeated, when the harmony varies, an almost indefinite number of times. Thus in the well-known "Adieu" of Schubert, the same note is repeated eleven times—from the beginning of the ninth to the end of the thirteenth bar. Instead of saying that in singing the transitions from one note to another are more frequent than in speaking, Mr. Hunt might have stated that they are more frequent in speaking than in singing. But no one has ever given a reasonable account of the difference between speaking and singing, nor of the origin of the latter, which, however it may have arisen, has certainly not been initiated from the twittering of birds. Probably all that can be said on the subject is simply that certain finely-organised and emotional natures love to give rhythm to everything, and that song is rhythmic utterance, as dancing is rhythmical motion.

The best chapters in Mr. Hunt's book are those directly referring to oratory, and young speakers will find his remarks on that subject very valuable.

*The Fairy Tales of Science.* By JOHN CARGILL BROUGH. London: Griffith and Farran.

MR. BROUGH'S object in writing this book, has been "to place before the youthful student a compact and concise compendium of the leading and most universally important branches of Science," and "to adapt the work to the capacity of all." Instead, then, of treating his subject in the more ordinary narrative and disquisitorial style, the author, in many of his chapters, writes somewhat after the manner of the scientific contributions to "Household Words," and the "Musée des Familles;" while in others he addresses his readers, simply and naturally, without the slightest apparent intention to amuse, but with the certain effect of interesting and delighting them. The title, which is admirably chosen, has been suggested by the well-known couplet in "Locksley Hall,"

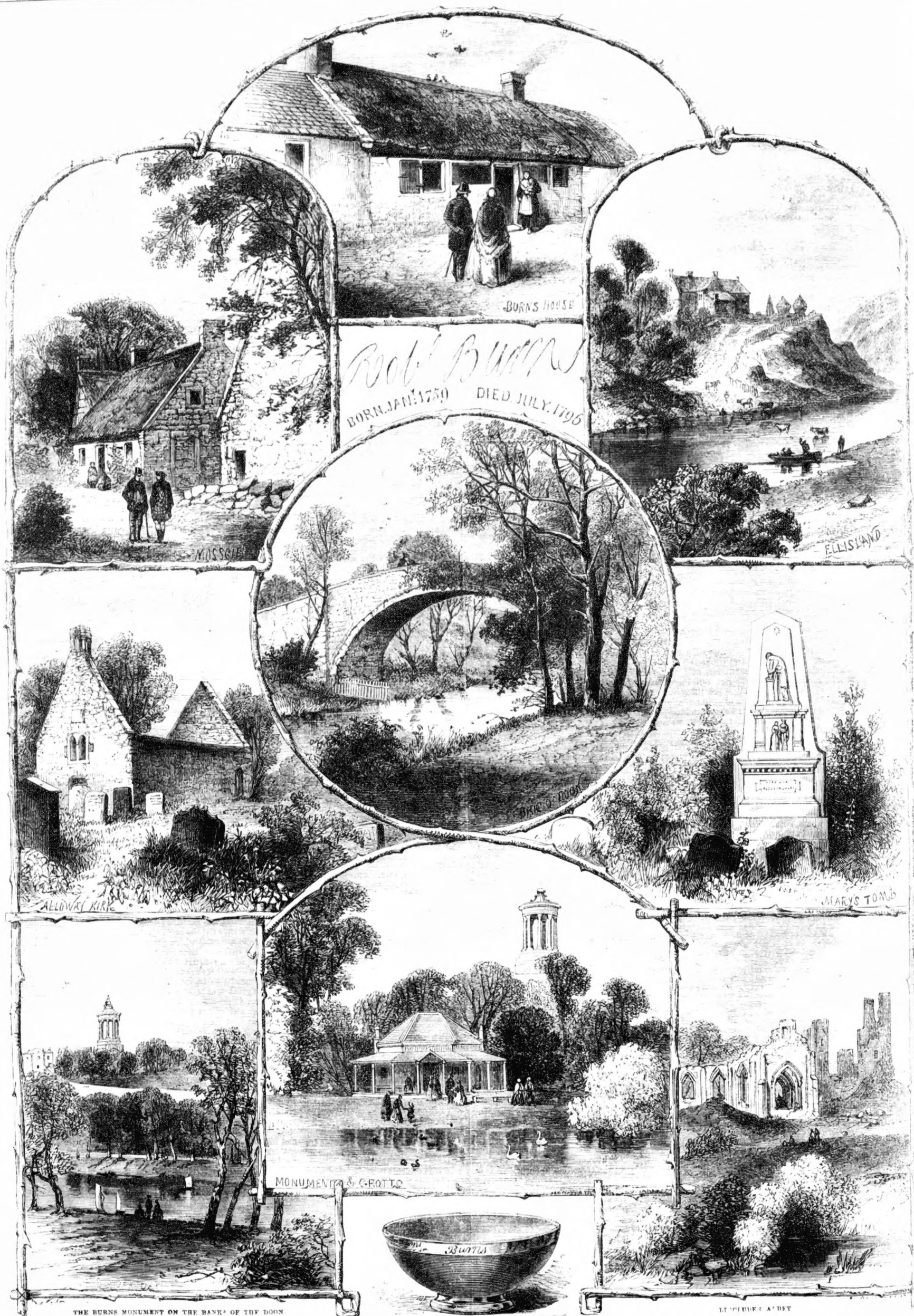
"There, about the beach he wandered, nourishing a youth sublime,  
With 'the fairy tales of science,' and the long result of time."

Now, the facetious science of professedly amusing periodicals, generally nothing of the fairy tale, except—when unusually extravagant—the form. The sense of wonder in the reader, if not destroyed, is at all events considerably weakened, by the determination of the writer to be astonishing. The matter does not engage our attention so much as the manner. We feel as if we were reading one of Mr. Planche's clever burlesques, and not a genuine fairy tale, in which the marvellousness of the subject stands out the more strongly from the simplicity (amounting sometimes to *naïveté*) which characterises the style.

It is true that some scientific books do not even possess the moderate amount of literary merit which we have a right to expect from all authors, while others are too learned, too abstruse, or too full of technical expressions to be intelligible to the general reader. At the same time, the great truths of science are, in themselves, sufficiently interesting and impressive without being dramatised, and Mr. Brough has shown (for out of his own volume we will convict him) that he can instruct, and, at the same time, entertain, his readers without resorting to such expedients as making gnomes and butterflies talk, or compelling atoms and comets to become their own biographers. The book is skilfully written throughout, and full of information on all branches of science, ancient and modern, but those chapters are certainly the most interesting in which the author addresses the reader in his own person without the aid of a comic or fantastic intermediary; and we have no doubt that they were also the easiest to compose. However, once accept the style, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the "Meeting of Aged Insects" (who relate their various metamorphoses), the "Tale of a Comet," or the "Autobiography of an Atom,"—chapters which are full of ingenuity and humour. Nor must we forget the "Amber-spirit," in which the history of electricity is given from its first discovery by Thales, to its final employment as telegraphic agent between all parts of the globe. But there is one admirable chapter on "Modern Alchemy," written in the simple, straightforward style that becomes the subject, which appears to us quite superior to the more playful portions of the book.

POET AND PEER.—The "Literary Gazette" publishes a letter recently addressed by Mr. Landor to the Marquis of Normanby. They were at one time great friends, we are told, but when they met in Florence last year, the peer "cut" the poet, "upon whom there rested a certain slur." So thus wrote the poet:—"My Lord,—Now I am recovering from an illness of several months' duration, aggravated no little by your Lordship's rude reception of me at the Casino, in presence of my family and of numerous Florentines, I must remind you, in the gentlest terms, of the occurrence. It was the only personal indignity I ever received. We are old men, my Lord, and verging on decrepitude and imbecility, else my note might be more emphatic. Do not imagine I am unobservant of distinctions. You, by the favour of a Minister, are Marquis of Normanby; I, by the grace of God, am WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."





THE BURNS MONUMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE DOON.

SCENES IN THE LAND OF BURNS.

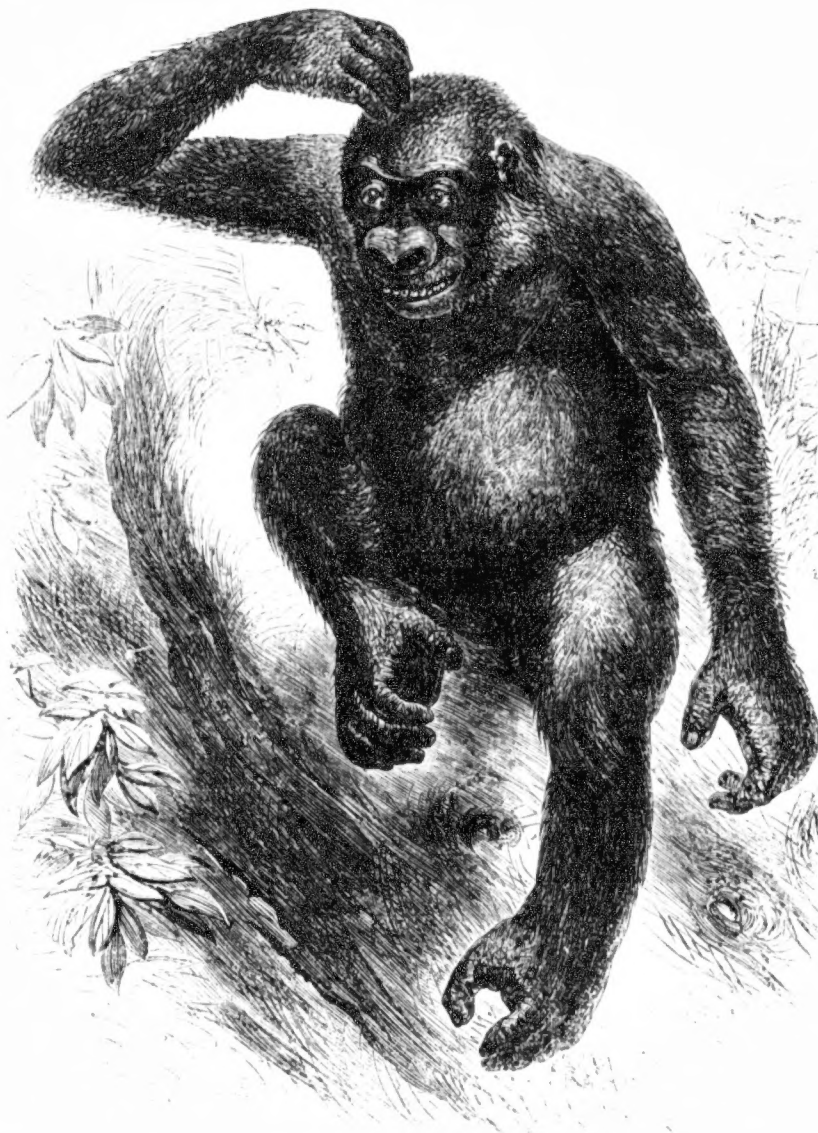


## THE "GORILLA."

SOME ten years since a traveller in the interior of Western Africa saw a native tribe engaged in worshipping what appeared to be a human skull set upon a pole; the curiosity of the traveller was excited, and with considerable trouble he obtained possession of the skull, and forwarded it to Professor Owen for his opinion respecting the nature of the animal of which it had once formed part. Professor Owen decided that the creature was altogether unrepresented by any specimen of natural history known to the scientific world; and the learned Professor embodied his views on the subject in a very interesting paper, which he read before the Zoological Society. Of course, everybody begged to differ from the conclusions to which he had arrived, and there were not a few who ridiculed as completely fanciful the drawing of the restored animal, which the Professor had made without any other information than the structure of the skull. At length, after extraordinary exertions, an animal was captured, and packed in a cask of spirits of wine, duly arrived in this country a few weeks since; and it is found to correspond closely with the description of it by Professor Owen.

The gorilla is a native of Western Africa, and is known to exist, in very large numbers, in the Gaboon district, where they are among the most formidable of the wild animals of the forest. The present specimen, which has been most carefully skinned and preserved by Mr. Bartlett, under the direction of Professor Owen, is rather more than five feet in height. It is a male, known to be young by the state of his teeth and the condition of the sutures of the skull. In features the animal is very much like a negro, and the orbits over the eyes are considerably projected. The teeth are formed almost precisely as in man; and, unlike those of the monkey, chimpanzee, or orang-outang, they are of great strength. In the skull, which was first sent over to this country, the canines were nearly as large and as strong as those of a lion. The hair on the upper part of the head of the gorilla is a reddish brown, upon the cheeks the smooth hair is of a grayish hue; the back is covered with dun or mouse-coloured hair; the hair upon the arm from the hand to the elbow is black, and it grows upwards from the hand towards the elbow. The chest is nearly bare. There were thirteen wounds in the body of the animal, and two bullets were extracted from it, one from a wound which had been a long time healed over. The negroes of Africa live in constant terror of these animals, which are gregarious; and it is stated by the natives that they frequently descend in considerable force, sack the villages, carry away the young children and devour them; and, further, that they have a very ugly custom of attacking men, and wrenching off the heads of those whom they attack. If one of the creatures is fired at or attacked, the whole tribe come down to the rescue, and escape from the combined assault is impossible. How far these statements may be correct there is at present no means of knowing; but it is certain that the gorilla is not a vegetarian in his habits, and that he would have no scruple in devouring any flesh that might chance to come in his way.

The specimen from which we have made our engraving is now in the British Museum; together with the skeleton of an old male gorilla. A few days since Professor Owen lectured before the Zoological Society on the external characteristics of the animal. He first called attention to the shortness, almost absence, of neck; to the great length of the cervical spines, causing



THE GORILLA.—(SKETCHED FROM THE SPECIMEN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM).

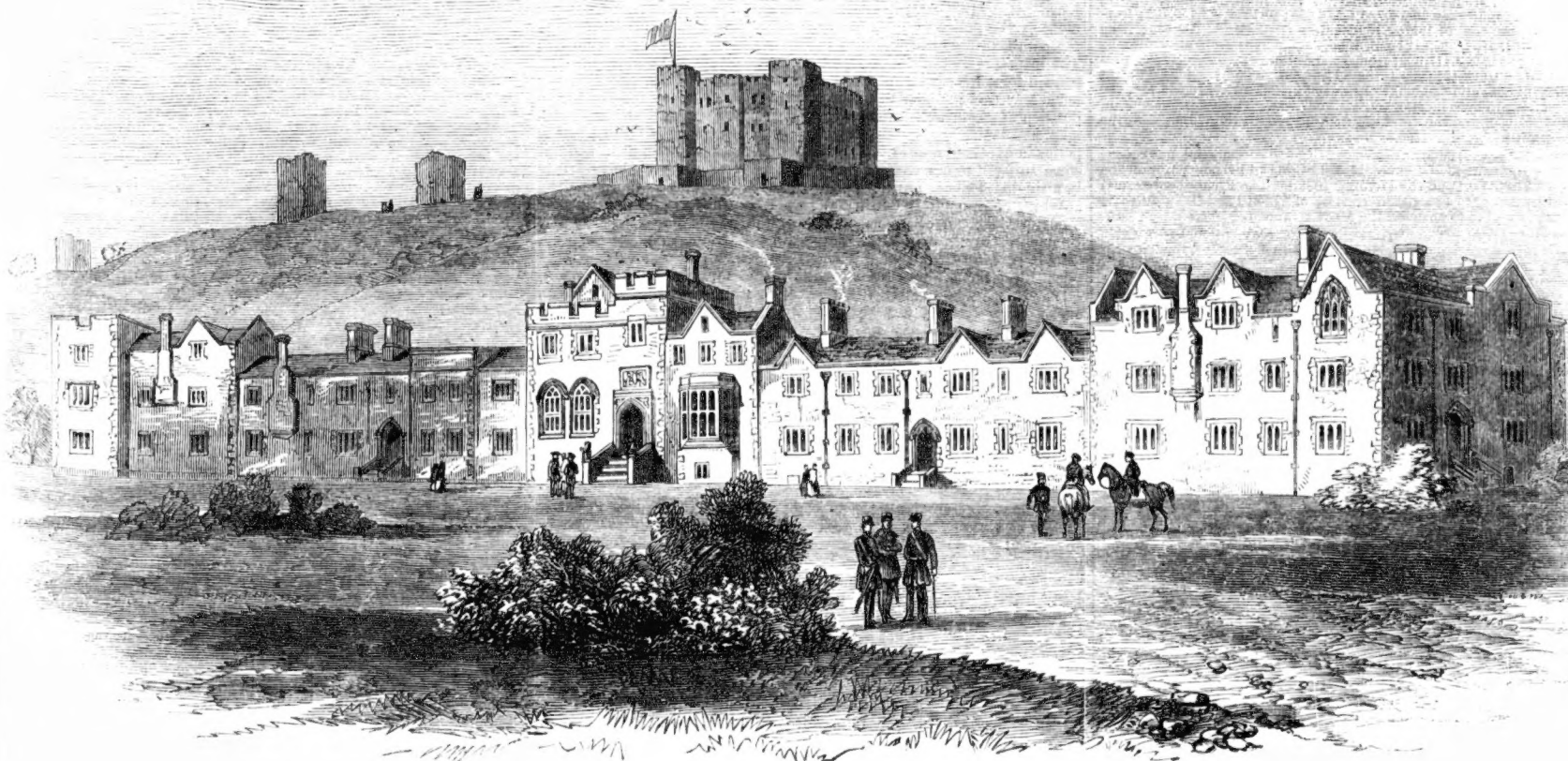
the "nape" to project beyond the "occiput;" to the great size and elevation of the blade-bones; and to the oblique rising of the collar-bones above the level of the angles of the jaw. The brain-case was low and narrow, and a thick integument overlapping that ridge

forms a scowling pent-house over the eyes. The nose is more prominent than in the chimpanzee or orang-outang, not only at its lower expanded part, but at its upper half; the mouth is very wide, the lips large, of uniform thickness, the upper one with a straight margin, not showing the coloured lining membrane when the mouth is shut; the chin very short and receding; the muzzle very prominent; the eyelids with eyelashes, the eyes wider apart than in the orang or chimpanzee; the ears smaller in proportion than in man, much smaller than in the chimpanzee, but the structure of the auricle more like that of man. On a direct front view of the face, the ears are on the same parallel with the eyes. The huge canines in the male give a most formidable aspect to the beast. The profile of the trunk describes a slight convexity, there being no in-bending at the loins. The chest is of great capacity; the shoulders very wide across; the abdomen somewhat prominent, both before and at the sides. The chief deviations from the human structure were seen in the limbs, which are of great power, the upper ones prodigiously strong. A uniform circumference prevails in the fore-arm; the leg increases in thickness from below the knee to the ankle. These characters of the limbs are due to the general absence of those partial muscular enlargements which impart the graceful varying curves to the outlines of the limbs in man. Yet they depended, the Professor remarked, rather on excess, than defect, of development of the carnosus as compared with the tendinous parts of the limb-muscles, which thus continue of almost the same size from their origin to their insertion, with a proportionate gain of strength to the beast. The difference in the length of the upper limbs between the gorilla and man is but little in comparison with the trunk. The hair of the arm inclines downward, that of the forearm upward, as in the chimpanzee. The thumb is much larger than in the chimpanzee—a fact of great significance.

The fore-arm in the gorilla passes into the hand with very slight appearance of the wrist, the circumference of which, without the hair, was fourteen inches, that of a strong man averaging eight inches. The hand is remarkable for its breadth and thickness, and for the great length of the palm, partly occasioned by the extent of undivided integument between the fingers. The fingers are thus short, and appear as if swollen and gouty; and are conical in shape after the first joint, by tapering to nails, which, being not larger or longer than those of man, are relatively to the fingers much smaller. The circumference of the middle digit at the first joint in the gorilla is 5½ inches; in man, at the same part, it averages 2½ inches. The skin covering the middle joint is thick and callous on the backs of the fingers; the habit of the animal to apply those parts to the ground, in occasional progression, is manifested by these callosities. The back of the hand is hairy as far as the divisions of the fingers; the palm is naked and callous. The thumb, besides its shortness, according to the standard of the human hand, is scarcely half so thick as the forefinger.

In the hind limbs, appearances lead to an inference that the gorilla resorts to them in station and progression more than any other ape.

The thigh has a great circumference above the knee-joint, and a more uniform size than in man. The relative shortness of the thigh adds to the appearance of its superior thickness. Absolutely it is not of greater circumference at its middle than is the same part in man.



OFFICERS' NEW BARRACKS AT DOVER CASTLE.



The leg expands at once into the foot, which has a peculiar form, owing to the modifications favouring bipedal motion being superinduced upon an essentially prehensile type. The heel makes a more decided backward projection than in the chimpanzee; the heel-bone is relatively thicker, deeper, more expanded vertically at its hind end, besides being fully as long as in the chimpanzee. This bone is shaped and proportioned more as in man than in any of the ape tribe. The great toe, though no relatively longer than in the chimpanzee, is stronger. The transverse indents and wrinkles show the frequency and freedom of the movements of the two joints of the toe; the nail is small, flat, and short. What is termed the "instep" in man is very high in the gorilla. The mid-toe (third) is a little longer than the second and fourth; the fifth, as in man, is proportionally shorter than the fourth, and is divided from it by a somewhat deeper cleft. The whole sole is wider than in man, relatively to its length, much wider, and in that respect, as in some others, more like a hand, but a hand of huge dimensions, and of enormous power of grasp.

The adult male gorilla measures five feet six inches from the sole to the top of the head; the breadth across the shoulders is nearly three feet; the length of the upper limbs three feet four inches; that of the lower limbs two feet four inches; that of the head and trunk three feet six inches. The professor gave a minute account of the colour and disposition of the hair, noticing the evidence, from its worn state on the back, of the animal's habit of sitting propped against the trunk or upright branch of a tree.

As to the next question, what was the gorilla's place in the scale of nature, and its true and precise affinities, the professor said that at the first aspect, whether of the entire animal or of the skeleton, he freely admitted that the gorilla strikes the observer as being a much more bestial and brutish animal than the chimpanzee. All the features that relate to the wielding of the strong jaws and large canines are exaggerated; the evidence of brain is less. But upon close examination of the more trenchant differences which exist between the genus *homo* and the genus *simia*, he came to the conclusion that the gorilla resembled the human organisation more nearly and more decisively than does the chimpanzee, or any other ape.

### THE OFFICERS' NEW BARRACKS, DOVER.

Of those military works which have recently engaged the attention of the Government, the officers' barracks at Dover are amongst the most picturesque, if not the most important. The barracks is a structure of the mediæval style of architecture, harmonising in a considerable degree with the irregular mass of buildings within the castle walls. The range occupies a length of 368 feet. The centre and outer wings are four storeys high; in other portions three. It is of brickwork, faced with Kentish rag-stone, with Bath-stone dressings. The mess-room is 72 feet long by 27 feet broad; and it has an orchestra some 20 feet by 25. The fittings are of a superior character; the halls are in imitation of green marble; the reception-rooms on each side are in the Gothic style—oak panelled. The upper apartments are approached by a massive staircase. The officers' apartments are on the ground-floor. In the basement of the central portion are the offices of the mess department; the remaining portions, right and left, furnish apartments for servants. The whole place is fitted with every known comfort, including a bountiful supply of water, laid on to every room.

The site of the barracks is admirably chosen; opposite the channel, south-east, at an altitude of 320 feet from high-water mark, and immediately in front of the ancient pharos and chapel, commanding an uninterrupted view of the opposite coast as far as the eye can penetrate.

**THE RIVER WAY.**—In the Court of Common Council, on Monday, an animated discussion took place on the erection of a steamboat-pier under the arch of London Bridge, by the Thames Conservancy Board. Sir J. Rennie pronounced strongly against the pier, on the ground that it would exercise an influence injurious to the bridge. A motion that the letters of Sir J. Rennie and certain petitions which were presented against the plan should be referred to the Bridge Committee, was defeated by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor.

**BOROUGH FOR SALE.**—The "Daily News" prints the following copy of a circular which, it seems, is distributed by certain "parliamentary agents":—"Sir,—Should you feel desirous of obtaining a seat in the next Parliament, we are in a position (having just returned from preparing for the next registration in several boroughs), to offer you one at a very moderate expense. The only thing required will be to pay every attention to the borough between this and the election. On hearing from you we will call on you where and when you may fix, and go fully into the matter.—We are, sir," &c. A daring trade this!

**THE GREAT DRAINAGE SCHEME.**—The Bank of England has contracted to supply the Metropolitan Board of Works with the £3,000,000 requisite for the Metropolitan Main Drainage. This commencement of a public debt for the whole metropolis is to be met by an assessment of 3d. in the pound for forty years. Meanwhile, Professor Liebig has renewed his announcement that it is not only the gases, but the solid portions of sewage, which are valuable in renewing the fertility of the soil. If the Professor is correct, the metropolis is called upon to contribute three millions in order to construct vast works of waste; and the board goes into the scheme without having really settled the great question at issue between Thwaites and Liebig.

**PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.**—An account of the public income and expenditure in the years ending March 31, 1857 and 1858, has just been issued. The total income from Customs and Excise was, in 1857, £41,782,302; in 1858, £41,186,357; from stamps, in 1857, £7,396,685; in 1858, £7,470,627; from assessed and land taxes, in 1857, £3,114,445; in 1858, £3,150,762; from property and income-tax, in 1857, £16,050,670; in 1858, £16,396,435; from the Post-office, in 1857, £2,909,131; in 1858, £3,038,113; from crown lands, in 1857, £443,478; in 1858, £417,909; from other ordinary revenue and other resources, in 1857, £1,098,174; in 1858, £1,396,887. The total income, in 1857, was £72,794,885, and the total ordinary expenditure, £76,042,750, the excess of expenditure over income being £3,247,865. The total income, in 1858, was £68,257,090, and the total ordinary expenditure, £70,612,553, the excess of expenditure being £2,355,463.

**THE FRENCH MERCANTILE MARINE.**—The French commercial navy consists of 14,000 sailing ships. Of these 11,900 belong to French ports on the Atlantic, and 3,100 to ports on the Mediterranean. The French commercial navy, moreover, possesses 330 steam vessels, of which 182 belong to ports on the Atlantic, and 148 to ports on the Mediterranean.

**THE REPRESENTATION.**—The "Times," of Saturday, published a table showing the "representation of England and Wales equitably adjusted with reference to population and property assessment." It is supplied by a "correspondent" as an "amendment" upon Mr. Bright's schedules, and it has the appearance of something more than an "amateur" correction of Mr. Bright. In its arrangement of seats, on the basis of population and of property, it acquires by disfranchisement ninety-eight, of which it gives fifty-three to boroughs and forty-four to counties. Some of the country towns are disfranchised; some are simply reduced in their representation from two members to one. On the face of it, this plan of re-distribution is very fair.

**NEW KIND OF ANIMAL FOOD.**—Last week Professor Owen and three brother naturalists sat down to a joint of eland, the first of that fine species of antelope which has been fattened and killed for the table. The learned gentlemen appeared to have enjoyed it exceedingly; the Professor speaks of it with enthusiasm. It really does seem that a new and superior kind of animal food has been added to the restricted choice from the mammalian class at present available in Europe.

**SHOCKING ACCIDENT.**—The Rev. Professor Watson, of the Theological College, Hackney, was, on Thursday week, on a visit to Lewisham. On returning home, at half-past nine o'clock, and when near London Bridge, he was struck in the mouth by the pole of an omnibus, which inflicted such frightful injuries, that on Saturday evening he died.

**BANKRUPTCY REFORM.**—The Government have abandoned the bill introduced by the Lord Chancellor at the close of last session, and are now preparing an act for the amendment of the Bankruptcy Law Consolidation Act, 1849. The draught of this measure is being prepared by Mr. Francis Savage Reilly, who was secretary to the Bankruptcy Commission Inquiry of 1854. The committee of the Cabinet who have charge of the measure consists of the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Walpole, Home Secretary; and Mr. Henley, President of the Board of Trade.

**MR. SPURGEON.**—The alleged acceptance, by this popular entertainer, of £10,000 in payment of his engagement with the Transatlantic churches is contradicted on the authority of Mr. Spurgeon himself, who "declined the offer." He purposes to set sail for America shortly, but not for the amount above referred to, as he probably will make better terms on the spot. Meanwhile his avant-courier puffs appear in the American journals.

### LAW AND CRIME.

**THE Society for the Amendment of the Law** has lent support to a resolution proposing a somewhat startling change in the regulations as to legal practitioners. At present, an attorney can only begin his probation as a barrister after having caused himself to be struck off the roll, thereby utterly relinquishing that branch of his profession as a means of subsistence from a period of three years before his admission to the bar. During this probationary term the barrister is supposed to live without earning his own subsistence. He is, however, allowed to do so, as far as he can, by literature, and by this only. The attorney who has already had to pay heavy fees upon his articles of clerkship and on his admission, and who has already passed a strict legal examination, supported by certificates of good conduct and character, is not allowed to enter himself as a candidate for the bar while he continues to support himself by the practice of the very profession in which he seeks advancement. Thus the monopoly of the bar is kept up, and the public suffers not a little by the process; for the attorney who has had the entire conduct of a case from the commencement is frequently obliged to sit mute in court, while his counsel, to whom the cause is but a few hours old, is ruining his client by utter ignorance of the means of explaining a hundred apparent and unexpected conflicts of evidence, which the attorney could solve satisfactorily by a few sentences. It is now recommended that attorneys, by paying the required fees and passing the customary ordeal, should be admitted to the bar. To counterbalance this advantage, it is proposed that barristers should be allowed to practise as attorneys. The only objection to the reform will probably come from the monopolists of the bar, who wish to keep it a close borough, not for the sake of the law, but of certain extrinsic privileges. For a barrister, even if utterly ignorant of his profession, is at present eligible for certain snug government places, from which the attorney is hopelessly excluded. Mr. Briefless may, by proper influence, become a metropolitan magistrate, a Hong Kong chief justice, or a county court judge; but if all the commissioners in bankruptcy were to die to-morrow, neither Mr. Linklater, Mr. Lawrence, or Mr. Lewis, dare hope to aspire to fill the seat of one of them.

One can scarcely take up a daily newspaper which does not contain a narrative of brutal outrage by soldiers in the metropolis. The details are generally identical: the gallant fellows are turned into the streets to seek their amusement, they get furiously drunk, then take off their belts and assault every one in their way—women, civilians, and police. It may not, perhaps, be altogether possible to enforce sobriety among heroes, or to prevent them entirely from assaulting the females who sell them their liquor. But why should a soldier, when let loose upon a drunken expedition, be allowed to carry with him a weapon which has been proved, by continual experience, to be a dreadful implement in a fray? An intoxicated soldier is just as pretty a sight, and reflects quite as much credit upon our institutions, without this dangerous ornament as with it. A few years since, his bayonet was considered an indispensable equipment for his visits to the tap. The public made an outcry against "the side-arms nuisance," as it was termed, and that has been abolished. A recommendation from one or two of our metropolitan magistrates might probably have the effect of directing the attention of the proper authorities to this matter, which falling within their province, and appearing constantly in the public prints, has hitherto most probably escaped their observation.

Four persons of the peculiar class ordinarily described by the journals as gentlemen—in inverted commas, which make all the difference—went the other night to the Strand Theatre, and there deliberately insulted Mrs. Selby, an estimable lady who performs there, by flinging at her two funeral wreaths of *immortelles*. A great uproar was the result, and the audience demanded the expulsion of the inverted comma gentlemen. The manager went to their box and requested their cards, which the gentlemen declined to give, unless they were allowed until twelve o'clock the following day to discover whether the sobering influence of time would present their conduct in such light to themselves as to show the need of an apology. This time was allowed them. The inevitable next morning, assisted by an application to the police court, induced the small amount of common sense necessary for proper consideration of the matter, and they sent an apology with which the lady's husband—gentleman Mr. Charles Selby, of the Adelphi—expresses himself as somewhat more than satisfied, and there the matter is supposed to end. Goodnature is an excellent thing, and its exhibition is highly creditable to Mr. Selby. But, in such a case as this, there are others who ought to be satisfied, besides the lady and her husband. The sober, rational portion of the audience, who had their evening's amusement marred by an unseemly interruption, and their feelings outraged by an unprovoked public attack upon a lady whose talents have rendered her a popular favourite, ought to have been considered in the acceptance of a compromise. If this be not so, let it be thoroughly understood that any gang of fashionable fools may sally forth in a drunken freak, and spoil the enjoyment of a few hundreds of decent people, at no greater expense than that of a soda-water apology next morning.

Great are the advantages of belonging to the London Press! Only a few weeks' since it was shown, in the case of Mr. Mowbray Morris, that the law would punish with a fine of two hundred pounds a thrashing, which, if inflicted on a mere layman, might have been paid for by forty shillings. This week we have the pleasure of recording that Sir Richard Mayne has officially recognised the exalted position of a London journalist. Mr. Coward, of the "Morning Post," whose cruel treatment by the police we recorded last week, has complained thereof to the police authorities, and the result has been a speedy retribution. The inspector of the station in which Mr. Coward was confined is suspended for a week without pay. The sergeant, who suggested in the usual way that prisoner was drunk, and refused bail, is reduced to the position of a constable. We congratulate Mr. Coward. Other gentlemen, and ladies too, for that matter, have been cruelly treated by the police in excess of authority. Some have been beaten, some locked up, some suffered under charges supported by clear perjury; but scarcely in a single instance, until the present, have the police authorities done anything contrary to the doctrine of the irresponsibility of the force.

Mr. Crooke, an occasional waiter at the public-house kept by Mr. Benjamin Caunt, tried an action against the famous pugilist for an assault by Mrs. Caunt, who, plaintiff alleged, threw beer at him, and pushed him down, breaking his collar-bone, for asking for his wages. His evidence was supported by that of another occasional waiter, who adorned his testimony with several highly figurative expressions. Thus the beer, said the imaginative witness, when flung from Mrs. Caunt's hand, "went *deliberately* into plaintiff's face. Mrs. Caunt then came from behind the bar like *electricity*, caught plaintiff by the neck with one hand, and the back with the other, and out he went—like that" (dashing one closed fist into the open palm of the other hand). Mrs. Caunt, for the defence, swore that plaintiff was drunk and abusive, that he used very foul language, was ordered out, and at length quietly led to the door by the waiter. Mr. Caunt, who was seated on a cask smoking at the time of the occurrence, corroborated this view of the case. The Judge summed up, and the unfortunate jury, thus empanelled amid all the ceremonies of English law to decide a case of a tavern brawl, were locked up for five hours, and ultimately discharged without coming to a verdict. Their fate—the punishment which the law awards them for being "good men and true"—might have been worse elsewhere than in the Common Pleas; but, as Mr. Justice Byles significantly told the counsel, "We do not lock up juries *all night* in this court!" O, happy jurors, did they but know their own good fortune! It has been whispered, however (though we by no means vouch for the fact), that their imprisonment was solaced by several pots of porter surreptitiously passed through a window into the jury-room. Mr. Caunt's parlour would certainly have been a far more fitting place for the discussion, both of the liquor and of the case, and might probably have produced a result less unsatisfactory to all parties.

**THE DEATH OF LORD NORTHWICK** is announced. The name of Lord Charlville also appears in the obituary lists of the week.

### POLICE.

**RESCUING A DESERTER.**—Samuel Watkins was brought up on remand charged with rescuing William Hackett, a deserter, from the custody of a private and a corporal.

On the previous examination, Dawson deposed that Wilson brought up the deserter from Hull by steamer, on their way to Aldershot to his regiment; that they arrived in Thames Street about twelve o'clock at night, where they were joined by three men and three women, friends of Hackett, who knocked the private down, and ran off, while the prisoner and the other men held him, and afterwards ran off themselves; the prisoner, however, was followed, and stopped by the police.

A gentleman now attended to watch the case on behalf of the War Office authorities.

Corporal Wilson corroborated the evidence previously given as to the rescue of the deserter, adding that he himself received a blow on the forehead, in attempting to make three men, of whom the prisoner was one, quit their hold of Dawson.

Police-constable 717 deposed that he stopped the prisoner, who was so exhausted by his exertion in running that he was compelled to lie down on the pavement.

The prisoner said, "I was standing at the corner of Cannon Street when the deserter ran away, but I had no hand in getting him away. I was waiting to bid the young man good-bye, with some more friends, and when the deserter ran away, the escort ran after me instead of running after him. I have been a soldier myself, in the Royal Marines, and know the difference between meddling with an escort and a soldier."

He was then committed for trial; but the Lord Mayor offered to admit him to bail.

**THE ST. PANCRAS DEFALCATIONS.**—COMMITTAL OF MR. BIRCHMORE.—Thomas Birchmore, late relieving overseer of the parish of St. Pancras, surrendered to his recognisances, before Mr. Tyrwhitt, charged with embezzling various sums of money belonging to the directors of the poor of the parish of St. Pancras. Mr. Humphreys, in opening the case, said he was prepared to offer evidence in two other cases against the prisoner, and then to ask for the committal of the prisoner for trial.

Evidence having been adduced accordingly, Mr. Lewis reserved the defence, simply saying, "Not guilty."

Mr. Tyrwhitt fully committed the prisoner to the Central Criminal Court for trial, but consented to take bail. The necessary bail having been put in the prisoner left the court with his friends.

**IMPORTANT TO MEMBERS OF BENEFIT SOCIETIES.**—The Secretary of the Hand-in-Hand Benefit Society, held at the Woolpack tavern, Kent Street, was summoned before Mr. Burcham for illegally expelling one of the members.

The defendant said the complainant broke through two of the rules of the society while he was on the sick fund, and at a meeting of the members they decided on expelling him. There was no book, neither were any minutes taken down. He had the rules of the society for his worship's inspection; and explained that the complainant was seen remaining in a public-house for more than an hour, which was contrary to the 19th rule. There were amusements also going on in that house, and it was beyond the hour specified by the 12th rule. The society fined him a shilling for being in the public-house, and they expelled him for being there beyond the hours.

Mr. Burcham told him they had done wrong, as it was all one offence, and having fined him, there was an end to it. Under these circumstances, they could not expel him. They must accordingly reinstate him, and pay all arrears due to him.

**CASE UNDER THE EXTRADITION ACT.**—A well-dressed and rather handsome man, of about thirty, of florid complexion, with dark hair and moustache, was brought up under the Extradition Act, charged with having, in America, forged the name of Mr. Henry J. David, of New York, to a bill for £1,000 sterling.

The investigation was conducted before Mr. Hall, the chief magistrate, in a private room.

The prisoner stated that his name was Henry James David, but refused to give any address.

Mr. Sleight, for the prosecution, stated that the warrant on which the prisoner was apprehended was granted by Mr. Hall in February last. The prisoner had eluded capture by residing abroad. At length, however, he ventured to show his face in London on another matter, and was immediately taken. The prisoner went by the name of Henry James David; but he (Mr. Sleight) had grave reasons for doubting it to be his real name. There was, however, a gentleman of that name, who was a merchant of considerable substance in New York, and the bill in question, so signed, had been uttered to the present prosecutor, Mr. Kean, on the pretence that the signature was that of Mr. J. H. David, of New York. It would be necessary to ask for a little time, for the purpose of bringing Mr. Kean from America; but the Court was in possession of the information sworn by Mr. Kean on the application for the warrant. It would be impossible to expect that a prosecutor should remain in town for months and years to await the capture of a person who was keeping out of the way. And the magistrate would find, on reference to the 2nd section of the Extradition Act, a provision that in such cases copies of the depositions should be receivable in evidence. The Act gave the magistrate power to remand for two months.

Mr. Hall said this matter had first been brought under his notice in February, 1857, and the parties had been nibbling at it ever since. There had, in the first instance, been great negligence in getting up the depositions, &c.—a circumstance which much surprised him, considering how much the law and practice of America resembled ours.

Mr. Kean's deposition was then read, and Mr. Hall said there was not sufficient evidence to justify him in authorising the prisoner's removal to America; but he called upon him to give bail—himself in £1,500, and two sureties in £500 each, and adjourned the case for Mr. Kean's arrival from America.

**CHARGE AGAINST A FATHER OF HAVING BEATEN HIS CHILD TO DEATH.**—George Clarke, a labourer, was charged before Mr. Arnold on suspicion of having caused the death of George Clarke, his son, a boy of twelve years of age, by beating him. The court was thronged by persons anxious to hear the case.

Inspector Humphreys said—I heard that the boy came indoors on Saturday evening in good health; his father beat him, and some one cried out, "You brute, leave the boy alone." A witness came downstairs and found the boy dead, or just upon the point of death.

Jane Tooley said—I live in the same house with the prisoner. I heard Clarke beat his boy about nine o'clock on Saturday night. I did not see the boy just before he was beaten. I heard the boy cry, "O, father, don't." I heard a man hollow through the window, "Leave the boy alone." Heard no sounds of blows. I heard the boy cry and say, "Father, don't," which made me think he was beating him. A few minutes afterwards I was told the boy was dead. I did not believe it at first. The boy did not cry long. I went downstairs where the boy was lying on the bed. I said, "Is he dead?" Prisoner's wife said "Yes." I said "Try some hot water." Prisoner was leaning over the boy. Mrs. Clarke said, "Hot water's no good. Mr. Pearce says he's dead." I don't think it was more than twenty minutes between prisoner coming in and my going into the room. It might have been ten minutes when I was told he was dead. Clarke seemed much agitated, and ordered me and his sister-in-law out of the room. The boy was dead when I looked at him. Prisoner said, "Go out, or there will be murder." I think he said that. Prisoner never ill-treats his children nor drinks.

Inspector Humphreys said he had within the last hour received a letter from Mr. George Pearce, surgeon, of Regent Street, Westminster, stating that he had made an outward examination of the body, and could find no external appearances sufficient to have caused death. He might say Mr. William Pearce, of Marsham Street, had seen the boy at the point of death, and thought he had died of a fit, but neither of the surgeons had heard the woman's statement.

Prisoner was then put back for the attendance of the medical gentlemen.

**ASSAULTING A SUPER.**—Harry Boleno, clown at Drury Lane, was summoned to Bow Street for assaulting a "supernumerary." It appeared that the latter body receive the sham kicks and blows in the pantomime, and get up the "rows." They do this for a shilling a night. But they are not content with playing the part assigned to them; they "skylark" the proper own account, which embarrasses the "clowns," and destroys the proper effect of a "scene." In the present case, Boleno punished the miscreant "super" off the stage. M. St. Maine, harlequin, said they had enough to peril to encounter in the scenes of the pantomime without being exposed to further risk from the insubordination of the "supers." Mr. Henry, believing the charge to be perfectly frivolous, dismissed the summons.

**CURIOUS ACCIDENT IN WEST SMITHFIELD.**—A remarkable accident took place on Monday close to the Smithfield police station, the pavement giving way and falling into an old cellar, causing a chasm full twelve feet square and not less than seven feet in depth. The next instant, and before any one understood the nature of the accident, a woman, with an infant in her arms, fell into the opening. The inspector of police, Mr. Hardin, on duty at the Smithfield divisional depot, hearing the noise, rushed out, and by his presence of mind saved two men who were about to fall into the gulph. Ladders were obtained without delay; the poor woman and her baby were brought up, and taken to the hospital, but being uninjured were soon able to return home.



## THE VERDICT IN THE POLYTECHNIC AFFAIR.

The investigation in this case having been concluded, the jury returned the following verdict:—"Accidental death, by the falling of a stone staircase at the Polytechnic Institution on Monday, January 3, 1859, which, we believe, was occasioned by the cutting for insertion of the trellis work and brackets, and the incautious manner of doing the work. The jury regret the action by the directors of the recommendation to repair the steps instead of reconstructing them." Then followed the following presentation:—"The jury cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing in the most emphatic manner their opinion that all public buildings should be subject to a periodical inspection. A competent person for such purpose should be appointed by the Government, whose duty it should be to inspect all buildings used or intended for public assembly. That such an inspector should forward a certificate to the Home-office, and upon that certificate stating that such building was erected and finished in all parts in a proper manner for the purpose for which it was intended, a licence should be granted for such building to be opened. That upon all alterations or repairs of importance the like inspection should take place, and the same certificate should be made and license granted. The jury also strongly object to the almost irresponsible power now vested in the hands of companies and individuals in the erection and maintenance of our public places of resort, and wish to impress upon the Government the absolute necessity of not allowing the ensuing session of Parliament to pass without some enactment to enforce such regulations. Such a course is deemed imperative to allay the fears of the public, in consequence of the accidents that have so frequently taken place, and upon the well-founded observations contained in the valuable report of the coroner appointed by this inquest. The jury express their hope that the coroner will forward these suggestions to her Majesty's Secretary of State for consideration. That while the jury deplore that so sad an accident should have occurred from the causes stated in the verdict, they are not unmindful of the great and important services rendered to the cause of education and science by the Polytechnic Institution; and they are anxious to express their approbation of the conduct of all parties connected with the institution at the time of the accident, and particularly of the courageous conduct of Mr. J. K. Keble, descending amidst the ruins of the fallen stairs to the assistance of the unfortunate sufferers. The jury are further anxious of hereby expressing their admiration of the high-mindedness and truly benevolent conduct of Mr. J. P. Acton, as detailed in the evidence."

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Amongst the value of home securities has slightly improved since we last wrote, the transactions, both for money and time have been far more numerous. In a comparative sense, however, the market has assumed a more healthy tone, arising from the general having in a great measure subsided. Nevertheless, the continued excitement on the Paris bourse, and the low value of the French rentes, have induced our usually large operators to purchase stock with more than usual caution. The money market is very quiet. The supply of money in the hands of the large discount houses is very large, and the best short paper is now taken at 2½ to 2½ per cent. At the Bank of England the applications for accommodation have not increased. Arrangements have been concluded by which the Bank of England will advance to the Metropolitan Board of Works £200,000 to complete the drainage of the metropolis. Upon that amount, Government have guaranteed 5 per cent. interest. The sum will be required within about three years. The foreign exchanges show no alterations of moment. In China, however, they are considerably against this country, consequently, the shipments of silver will, no doubt, continue to be made to the East. At present bar silver is worth 62½ per ounce, and nearly all dollars are in the market. To meet the Eastern demand, we are shipping gold and importing silver, chiefly from Germany. The imports of bullion this week have been trifling, but several vessels with large quantities of gold on board, are expected from Australia. The Government broker has continued to purchase Reduced 3 per cent. on account of the Savings' Banks. Consols have advanced 9½; the Reduced and the New 3 per cent. 9½; the 4 per cent. 10½; the 5 per cent. 11½; the 6 per cent. 12½; the 7 per cent. 13½; the 8 per cent. 14½; the 9 per cent. 15½; the 10 per cent. 16½; the 11 per cent. 17½; the 12 per cent. 18½; the 13 per cent. 19½; the 14 per cent. 20½; the 15 per cent. 21½; the 16 per cent. 22½; the 17 per cent. 23½; the 18 per cent. 24½; the 19 per cent. 25½; the 20 per cent. 26½; the 21 per cent. 27½; the 22 per cent. 28½; the 23 per cent. 29½; the 24 per cent. 30½; the 25 per cent. 31½; the 26 per cent. 32½; the 27 per cent. 33½; the 28 per cent. 34½; the 29 per cent. 35½; the 30 per cent. 36½; the 31 per cent. 37½; the 32 per cent. 38½; the 33 per cent. 39½; the 34 per cent. 40½; the 35 per cent. 41½; the 36 per cent. 42½; the 37 per cent. 43½; the 38 per cent. 44½; the 39 per cent. 45½; the 40 per cent. 46½; the 41 per cent. 47½; the 42 per cent. 48½; the 43 per cent. 49½; the 44 per cent. 50½; the 45 per cent. 51½; the 46 per cent. 52½; 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